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THE BALFOUR NOTE

LORD BALFOUR'S note on Inter-Allied indebtedness, which some people imagine was drafted with the aid, or at least the cognizance, of high officials at Washington desirous of testing out American opinion upon its proposals, was for a few days after its publication the most widely debated topic in the British press. The *New Statesman* says: —

It is something more than a mere document; it is an act. It has made it definitely impossible for Great Britain to adopt the policy . . . of remitting the debts of her European Allies while acknowledging in full her own indebtedness to America.

As between Europe and America, there will have to be a good deal more plain speaking than there has been hitherto. . . . The greater part of the British press is consistently insincere whenever it writes about America. . . . The rather remarkably favorable reception of the Balfour note in this country is certainly due to its having expressed what we all think, but what most of us have not ventured to say. . . . We do acknowledge it (the debt), and if America insists, we shall eventually pay it; but the governing factor in the psychological situation is that we do not wish to pay it, do not consider that we should be asked to pay, and do not expect actually to have to pay it.

On the other hand, the *Outlook* considers the note 'nothing short of disaster. Lord Balfour . . . is like a physician who neglects to give medicine to a man with a cold, and then a few days later, after double pneumonia has set in, prescribes cough syrup.' This journal would like to know the history of the note. It considers that the note has done harm in the United States, while it has produced no good results in Europe. 'France is just as unhappy at owing us 278 million pounds sterling as 557 million pounds sterling.'

According to the *Westminster Gazette*, the most serious obstacle to Europe's economic recovery is not the existence of huge debts and indemnities, but the uncertainty that surrounds their payment. The first step toward stability is for Governments to recognize definite assets and liabilities. The British note asserts that this is impossible without the United States. To that extent the attitude of the British Government is reasonable and perfectly logical. Great Britain's position toward America is, strictly speaking, not that of a debtor, but that of a guarantor, and it does not seem fair that she should be forced to shoulder the whole burden because she is the only Great Power in Europe that is not on the verge of bankruptcy.

There are two alternative policies: the first is that we should force her (America), in her

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own interests, to face the whole problem of international indebtedness by insisting upon its being treated as a single question; the second is that by cancelling the indebtedness of our Allies we should set her a generous example that in the long run she would be morally bound to follow — this policy having the advantage of enabling us to unravel the financial tangle of Europe with a minimum of delay. The choice between the two policies depends upon one's estimate of the motives which are most likely to influence American action. The Government has chosen the first policy; for our part we should choose the second.

On second thought, if we may so infer from an editorial of later date, this journal expresses more positive regret that the note was published, because it 'destroys the case we have been pressing upon successive French Governments for a long period of time. . . . Just as we have said that we cannot cancel the French debt until America cancels our own, so France cannot consent to a reduction of the German indemnity until her own debt to ourselves is cancelled.'

The *Manchester Guardian*, an equally pronounced exponent of Liberal doctrine, welcomes the note as 'the most sincere effort that has yet been made by this or any other country to cut the knot of financial complications that threaten to choke the trade of the world.' It believes that the unfavorable comment of the American press and public men has destroyed the illusion which prevailed in Great Britain as to America's following that country's lead, if the former took the first step toward a general debt-cancellation. Had Great Britain done this, 'in a few weeks more, we may surmise, the American public would have ceased even to applaud or take much further interest in our act of renunciation, with which they would not regard themselves as being in any way concerned.'

The *Morning Post*, standing at the other extreme of British political conviction, leaves no doubt in the minds of its readers as to its condemnation of the document. It believes that in days to come 'students of Yale and Harvard will quote and comment upon it as a signal instance of the felicitous insincerity of the philosophic mind.' While not approving the American attitude, this paper asserts: —

> The majority of Americans believe that they were dragged into the war unwillingly; that they got the Allies out of a terrible mess; that they received no benefits from the victory, though Great Britain secured colonies and France valuable territories; and that therefore they are morally entitled to receive back from this country, which is so generous in its doles, the good dollars which they lent.

After the reaction of public sentiment in America to the note had been cabled to Europe, the same journal concludes that the result of the note was to postpone indefinitely the coöperation of the United States in the restoration of Europe, by confirming the American suspicion that Europe is chiefly interested in her transatlantic neighbor as a good-natured source of pecuniary benefits, and concludes: 'If America needs educating in the problem of European indebtedness, the best way to start the process is by promptly beginning the repayment of our debt.'

Naturally the *Times* does not approve whole-heartedly any note issued by the Lloyd George Cabinet, though it regards this paper as 'a weighty and closely reasoned document, not unworthy in style and form of its distinguished author.' It did not from the first regard the course taken as auspicious, and this conviction was naturally strengthened when cable advices of the note's reception in America were received.

Last of all, the *Daily Herald*, which may be rated the mouthpiece of La-

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bor sentiment, considers that the note marks 'a notable step toward sanity,' and that it 'opens up the best prospect Europe has yet seen for settlement of its critical questions.' However, this document is as yet only 'a magnificent gesture.'

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FINNISH ELECTIONS

FINLAND'S general elections last July showed a heavy falling-off in the popular vote, as compared with the election of two years ago. The Communists put up a ticket for the first time, thus dividing the Radicals. The Social Democrats, or more conservative Labor group, elected 49, and the Communists 29, delegates to the new House. Two seats remain in doubt. This makes the total strength of the Radical parties about 80, or approximately the same as in the previous House, and some 23 less than in 1917. With the Labor group should perhaps be associated the Peasants' League, which dates back to 1906 and derives its main strength from farm laborers and cottagers. It will have 40 seats or more in the new House, or practically the same as previously. The Swedish party, which is divided into three groups, will have about 50 representatives. The Finn bourgeois parties, of which there are two, will together muster between 60 and 70 votes. Upon the whole, the election shows no marked change in the relative strength of the Socialist and the non-Socialist groups, though it suggests a widening of the breach between these two groups through the weakening of the Centre parties.

In order to understand party relations in this country, one must bear in mind that the people of Finland embrace Finlanders, who speak only Swedish, and Finns, who speak only Finnish. There is, according to the Helsingfors correspondent of the *Vossische Zeitung*, a fine distinction between the two words. However, a traveler might be unaware of this distinction, for city people, especially in Western Finland, generally speak three languages fluently, having a mastery of German as well as Swedish and Finnish. Russian, which used to be compulsory in the schools, has been intentionally forgotten. Only Finnish is spoken in the eastern and northern parts of the country, and there one is more likely to find a knowledge of German than of Swedish.

Their common language makes it easy for Finlanders to establish themselves in Sweden. The latter country is regarded by many of them as a sort of promised land, on account of its urban attractions and higher wage-standards.

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THE ITALIAN CRISIS

HANS BARTH, the Rome correspondent of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, describes the dramatic scene that occurred in the Italian Parliament just before the recent crisis. Mussolini, the Fascisti leader, conscious that he had behind him an organized force of several hundred thousand men — some place the number as high as 900,000 — strategically disposed throughout Italy, men who would stake their lives for their ideas and their leader, displayed the utmost assurance. He declared that the Socialists were 'played out,' and had broken up into powerless factions. The Popolari or Clericals he dismissed contemptuously as 'mice in the Cabinet cage.' But the climax of his speech was the following declaration: —

> The Fascisti will soon have to choose between legal action and insurrection. If the latter proves necessary, we shall withdraw from this Chamber. No Ministry can survive a moment that attempts to deal with the Fascisti by force of arms. Remember we have a powerful, well-organized, well-

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equipped army, and that we shall resist with the utmost vigor and violence any effort to repress our activities. Our answer to such measures will be insurrection.

For a moment the Chamber was as silent as death. Not a word of protest was spoken. Then a few extremists on the Right began to cheer wildly. When he wrote, late in July, this correspondent considered Italy completely in the power of the Fascisti.

An Italian Socialist contributes an article upon this movement to *Unser Weg*, a semimonthly published in Berlin, in which he says: —

For almost two years the Fascisti have been in the saddle. For two years scarcely a day has passed in Italy when workingmen have not been murdered; when trade-union halls, coöperative stores, and social resorts of the working people have not been pillaged and burned. A White Terror in its most brutal forms has raged throughout half the kingdom, in the most thickly settled and highly developed regions of Northern and Central Italy. So callous has the public become to the violence and the murders committed by these people, that their atrocities are recorded in the press under the noncommittal title: 'Party Strife.'

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IVAN HEJJAS ARRESTED

Ever since the Horthy Government was set up at Budapest, reactionary partisan leaders have played an important part in the affairs of that country, much as the Fascisti do in Italy. The most prominent of these is Ivan Hejjas, who is said to be responsible for numerous political murders and other acts of terrorism during his tumultuous career. Recently he and his partisan band have been committing outrages in that part of the Burgenland separated from Hungary and assigned to Austria by the Peace Treaty.

The latest Budapest papers report that this leader has been arrested and imprisoned pending a further hearing, on account of his participation in these recent border forays. This arrest has aroused violent protest among the Hungarian 'Wide-Awakes,' who have issued an appeal to their members in which this leader is described as 'the greatest hero of Christian Hungary, the beloved idol of every true patriot, the heroic liberator of West Hungary, the immortal model of every manly and self-sacrificing Hungarian.' The appeal further declares: 'Ivan Hejjas will be borne out of his prison upon our shoulders, and they who now rejoice will pay bitterly for his suffering and humiliation.'

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INTERNATIONAL LABOR'S PROGRAMME OF RECONSTRUCTION

The Executive Committee of the International Trade-Union Federation of Amsterdam, the Second Socialist International, and the International Union of Socialist Parties, have published a proclamation addressed to the workers of the world, declaring the sympathy of international Labor with the German democracy and announcing the following programme for restoring Europe to normal conditions: —

The German war-debt must be reduced. To accomplish this, the debts among the Allies must be readjusted and an international loan floated for reconstructing Europe. . . . The United States, having thrown its decisive weight into the struggle in order to end the war, may be justly expected to aid in rebuilding the ruins caused by the war and thus ending the economic disequilibrium that is now producing world-wide unemployment and threatening the people of the earth with famines and epidemics. We must end immediately all military occupations and abolish the military and economic sanctions imposed in 1921. Workers of the world, business recovery and the peace of the world bid you to struggle with all your might against universal reaction and for universal disarmament.

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KORFANTY

REFERRING to his expected appointment as premier of Poland, since defeated by the opposition of Pilsudski, Korfanty recently declared to the Warsaw correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* that he is not a party man, though associated with the Right through circumstances that arose out of the war — during the early stages of which he was an active defender of the German Empire, of which he was then a subject. He claims to be a consistent champion of the working people: —

I myself am a workingman's son. When I was a student, I spent my holidays gathering experience in the factories, in the mines of Upper Silesia. The parties of the Left were on the side of the Central Powers all through the war. This political past separated me completely from them.

After emphasizing that his conflict with Pilsudski would not result in a military revolt, although the army undoubtedly favored that leader, because 'the army is not Pilsudski's but the army of the Polish Republic,' Korfanty said: —

The economic depression is the natural consequence of the prolonged Cabinet crisis. Poland had slowly begun to gain her economic equilibrium. Foreign countries began to trust her. Everything was improving. The acquisition of Upper Silesia bettered our exchange. But the crisis illegally caused by Pilsudski has spoiled everything. Foreign capital begins to shun us as though we were diseased.

We need above all peace at home and peace abroad. That is why our foreign policy must be a peace policy. Our relations with Germany must be settled finally and peacefully. I myself have got into touch with the Germans of Upper Silesia, where coöperation between Germans and Poles has already begun. Perhaps it is an illusion of mine, but it was always my dream to unite Germans, Poles, and Frenchmen in common economic activity, and in this way to help in reconciling these three nations. Poland needs no new territorial conquests, and does not think of attempting to make any. Peace at home and abroad will ensure a brilliant future for our country.

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LISBON EN FÊTE

DESPITE almost chronic political revolutions and economic crises, Portugal still keeps a smiling face. The Lisbon correspondent of *La Vanguardia* describes the popular festival that opened in that city on June 10, upon the birthday of Camoëns, and was followed by a series of Saint's Day celebrations lasting up to the end of the month. Enthusiasm was added to these observances the present year by the successful completion of a transatlantic flight, by the two Portugal aviators, Gago Coutinho and Sacadora Cabral, from Portugal to Brazil. By three o'clock on the afternoon of June 17, the great Plaza del Commercio was thronged with people anxiously waiting for an anticipated telegram, announcing that the fliers had reached Rio de Janeiro. The expected dispatch arrived at 4.30 and was received with a frenzy of enthusiasm. The whistles of all the vessels in the harbor blew for more than half an hour. The naval vessels fired repeated salutes. Fireworks and other noisy evidences of celebration lasted throughout the night.

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INDIA'S HEART-SEARCHING

SOMETHING of the doubt and spiritual distress that has hung over India since the waning and apparent failure of the Gandhi campaign is suggested by the following introductory paragraph of an article in that leader's organ, *Young India*. We should add that the article itself is not so pessimistic as its exordium: —

We have been reverently and most patiently following Mahatma Gandhi's lead. We have done everything he asked us to do,

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abstained from everything he prohibited. He told us that the prison gates would lead to Swaraj. Thousands have voluntarily undertaken imprisonment. He taught that sacrifice would bring victory. Hundreds have sacrificed their wealth, their position, their own and their families' comforts; thousands of young men have thrown away their careers at his bidding. Yet Swaraj is as far as ever.

Do you say that the number of those who have made sacrifices is not enough? But has he not said that even one good and complete sacrifice would be enough to bring victory? Is this, his law of suffering, then a mere delusion, like many another erroneous theory propounded by men of science and others, which when put to the test fails?

MINOR NOTES

A LITTLE flurry recently occurred in British manufacturing and political circles on account of the protest made by the Lancashire spinners against the duty which the Government proposes to levy on German cotton-gloves. It appears that Bolton supplies the yarn employed in making these gloves, and if a high tariff is placed on the manufactured articles, orders for Bolton cotton will cease. So vigorous were the protests of the Lancashire deputation, that Lloyd George practically promised that no tariff would be levied the present session; but this decision seems to have been reversed.

DEAN INGE relates the following anecdote of the Iron Chancellor, which, if true, will be considered by many to afford new evidence of the uncanny prescience of that 'most inspired of all statesmen.' According to the Dean, Bismarck once said, in later life, that if Germany won another war, he would see to it that the victor, under the peace treaty, handed over a large indemnity to the vanquished. Germany's social and economic difficulties after the fictitious prosperity brought her by the French indemnity may well have inspired some such impatient ejaculation from the saturnine, sarcastic statesman.

THE report of the Registrar-General for England and Wales for 1920, just issued, shows the highest marriage rate yet recorded — 20.2 per 1000 of the population; the highest birth rate since 1909 — 25.5 per 1000; and the highest natural increase by births over deaths of any period ever recorded in the history of the country. England and Wales added almost half a million to their population by natural increase during this year. The number of deaths was the lowest since 1862, when the population was half that of 1920.

WHILE Great Britain has no iron and steel trusts comparable with those of America, five great companies control the major portion of the industry. The capital of these undertakings ranges from the neighborhood of 25 million to 65 million dollars, their aggregate capital being in the neighborhood of 200 million dollars. Most of these corporations own large interests in allied companies.

ACCORDING to the *Arbeiter Zeitung*, the Austrian trade-unions had 1,079,777 members, including both sexes, at the close of 1921. This represents an increase of almost 180,000 during the past year.

THE Duke of York is the patron of a boys' holiday-camp at New Romney. Half of the boys are from the public schools of England and half are apprentices and young operatives in mills, mines, and workshops. This is the second year the camp has been in existence, and it is proving a notable success in bringing young lads of different social traditions together during their impressionable years.

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THE NOBEL PRIZE AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

BY HJALMAR BRANTING

[*An address delivered by the Swedish Socialist Prime Minister at the University of Christiania on June 19, in recognition of receiving the Nobel Peace Prize.*]

From the *Social-Demokraten, June 20*
(STOCKHOLM OFFICIAL SOCIALIST DAILY)

THE provisions of the Nobel will, establishing the Peace Prize, specify that this shall be awarded to men and women who have worked 'for the brotherhood of nations, for the abolition or reduction of standing armies, and for the organization of peace congresses.'

'The brotherhood of nations' has been put first. This indicates the principal goal. The other points are ways and means of gaining that goal — terms describing efforts and desires that were common at the time that the will was drawn. Their very phrasing is characteristic of that period. The brotherhood of nations touches the deepest springs of man's nature. It has been the ideal of the highest minds for thousands of years. Yet, despite all the progress of our civilization, I do not suppose anyone would dare prophesy to-day that this goal will be reached in the near future. The World War has revealed too many abysses between nations, and has made them wider and deeper than before; and the weary work of rebridging these chasms is still in its beginning.

However distant the goal, however bitter our disillusion in the hope we cherished that war between civilized nations had become impossible, there is no recourse for him who does not despair of the human kind, even after this last relapse into barbarism, except to press forward again toward this never-fading ideal, the brotherhood of nations.

I need not here discuss in detail what is national and what is international. The kind of internationalism that undervalues the rights of nations, and that aims at their ultimate extinction in cosmopolitan chaos, has never been more than a caricature of the true international spirit. When the Communists shouted: 'The worker has no country,' or when Gustave Hervé — who later became a violent nationalist during the war — bade French workers to throw their national flag on the rubbish heap, they proclaimed a doctrine that has no real root in the souls of men.

Such adherents as this kind of internationalism wins, confuse their country with its temporary social forms. Jean Jaurès reminded us in his book, *The New Army*, that commonly the classes which enjoy social or political privileges identify their private interests with those of their country: —

> This makes the instincts of habit, tradition, and primitive solidarity, which help to form the conception of our native country, appear reactionary forces. The revolutionists, the pioneers, the advocates of a higher justice, must labor arduously to free from such encrustations of tradition the concept of a new and better fatherland. . . . When the workers curse their country, they really curse the social abuses that disgrace it, and their very condemnation is but an expression of their longing for a new fatherland.

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After the experience of the World War, who can deny the justice of this view? No such contradiction between what is national and what is international exists, as the biased definitions in vogue might seem to imply. The great departed leader, whom we have just quoted, wrote: —

> The very workers who now hurl anathemas against the ideal of a fatherland would rise as one man to defend their native country in her day of danger.

These prophetic words were fulfilled on both sides of the fighting line when the day of battle came.

But it is exactly this deep sense of the importance of what is national that constitutes the foundation and starting-point for true internationalism — for a humanity built, not of units without nationality, but of units organized into a voluntary association of self-governing nations.

However, after a war and a Peace Treaty whose faults and dangers no one longer denies, are we not further from realizing the desires and hopes of the great workers for peace and human brotherhood than we were two decades ago? We have seen many illusions vanish during that interval. But coming ages may not judge these years as solely a period of destruction and retrogression. Signs of rejuvenation are too numerous and too promising for that. It is true, indeed, that during the conflicts between wild tribes, and between the governments that succeeded them, — which have stained human history since its beginning, — during the wars of destruction that, with only short breathing-spells for peace and recovery, constitute the record of our race, we have never experienced so concentrated and vast a climax of devastation as the one that began in 1914.

But when we contemplate these unexampled ravages, we must not forget that a New Europe was born of this travail. Three great military monarchies, essentially feudal in their constitution, have collapsed, to be replaced by States recognizing the principle of nationality and self-determination. The young peoples who have now gained their freedom, and who see before them a brighter future, will not long linger over the suffering by which their liberty was bought. We have seen with joy a free Finland born on our own eastern border. New states line the coast of the Baltic. Poland and Czechoslovakia have been resuscitated. The national life of Southeastern Europe is slowly taking form. What rich possibilities are here for a development on the basis of nationality that will benefit our entire Continent!

I do not overlook the fact that the appearance of these new free nations upon the stage of Europe has not been solely a festive return of repatriated brothers. With them have come new causes of friction and discord. But, for that very reason, we are all the more justified in heavily underlining the second great item to the credit balance of Europe, after its dark years of struggle for the liberation of its children: I mean the start toward forming a League of Nations, through which disputes between Governments are to be settled according to the dictates of right and justice and not by military force. It is a commonplace that this League is not what its ardent champions hoped. The absence of President Wilson's country, as well as that of conquered Germany and Russia, limits its power to fulfill its purpose, and has given an appearance of justification to the claim that it is to-day merely a League of Victors. But these limitations and faults, which must and can be remedied with the lapse of years, do not affect the fact that, for the first time in history, a great war has closed by opening a new per-

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spective of peace and understanding and justice for the nations of the earth — both great and small.

It is remarkable how the fundamental ideas of Alfred Nobel recur in the Covenant of the League. I have already quoted the words of his will, specifying the ways to bring about a brotherhood of nations: reduction of armaments and peace congresses. A general reduction of armaments is, as you know, recommended in Article VIII of the Covenant, though in guarded terms; and the annual meetings of the League's Assembly are official peace congresses, which are binding upon the participating states, to a degree that a quarter of a century ago most statesmen would have regarded as Utopian.

But the parallel goes further. In an address delivered in Christiania in 1906, Bertha von Suttner quoted from a private letter written to her by Nobel: —

> We could and ought to reach the point where all States will mutually pledge themselves to fight whatever State attacks another. This would make war impossible, and would force even the most brutal and senseless Power to address itself to a tribunal or to keep quiet. If the Triple Alliance included all the Governments of Europe, instead of three, peace would be assured for centuries.

Here we have the idea of sanctions in a sharply accentuated form. It was softened in some respects in Article XVI of the Covenant; and last year the League Assembly acceded to the suggestion of the Scandinavian States that we ought to limit and define still further the too strongly phrased regulations determining the duty of Governments to participate in sanctions. But Nobel's fundamental idea has been realized. The whole power of the League will be directed against any disturber of the peace. Without entering a super-State, for which the times are not ripe, we approach as near as prevailing conditions permit that rule of law by which, in earlier times, Governments asserted their jurisdiction over powerful subjects who had hitherto been wont to recognize no authority save their own.

Nobel's last remark, about an alliance of all the States instead of a few of them, should be an exhortation for us to-day not to weary in our efforts to make the existing League of Nations universal, so that it may truly fulfill its mission. No nation is so great that, in the long run, it will be able to remain outside a League that is thus becoming world-wide. But it is the smaller States that have special grounds for promoting the welfare and growth of such an organization.

Equality among all the League members, based on the provision that each State has only one vote in its councils, obviously cannot remove real inequalities in power. Those big States that lead in the world's advance toward good or evil, according as they are actuated by motives that aim at a higher humanity or by greed or individual profit, will always exercise an influence much greater than their single vote, regardless of whether or not they have the support of their dependent States. None the less, this formal equality gives the smaller nations a position that they can utilize in the service of ideal interests and for the benefit of all humanity.

To us in the Northern countries, it has long seemed natural that our representatives should seek mutual understanding and mutual support whenever we appear together in international company. We are impelled to do this by no desire to interfere with each other's freedom, or to promote a policy exclusively our own. But no one who has participated in such conferences has failed to feel an added strength when we have stood together. The

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special nature of European problems has not seldom extended our unity beyond the boundaries of the Northern countries. All the nations who were not drawn into the World War have had in some particulars the same ideas regarding the road that is to lead us to better times. Thus, there has grown up spontaneously a certain community of sentiment among the Powers that were neutral in the war. We have found ourselves side by side at Geneva and at Genoa.

So long as the problem of the world's reconstruction continues to be the principal theme occupying every nation, it is natural that groups should be formed within the League according to attitudes toward that question. There is no reason why a mutual understanding should not be reached between us neutrals and some of the other groups that are formed or forming inside the League. We Northern nations have important, cultural points of contact with Finland and the other Baltic States. The members of the Little Entente have repeatedly advocated measures that have diverged from the one-sided programme of the great Powers. We detect the same tendency, to a marked degree, among the numerous representatives from South America. Take it all in all, the League of Nations is not doomed hopelessly to deteriorate into a powerless appendage of one or the other of the great Powers. If we do our best to reconcile the hearts of men and nations, — as is our obvious duty, — we shall have abundant opportunity to assert ourselves, even though we are individually too small and too few to make our isolated voices heard in the loud clamor of the great world-concert.

One other suggestion may be permitted me. The League of Nations is not, as you know, the only organization that has inscribed on its banner the preservation of peace through justice. Before the World War there were many persons, even though they lacked adequate comprehension of the international labor movement, who hoped to be rescued by it, should a war threaten. They counted upon the working people of the world to prevent such a catastrophe. We now know that this hope was not fulfilled. The World War broke out with such violence — it so successfully monopolized from the outset the agencies to lead and mislead public opinion — that there was no time for inquiry and judgment. None the less, the antimilitarist spirit has been strengthened tremendously among the working classes, and it may not prove equally powerless again. Although Bolshevism has split the working people of Europe into factions, the Trade-Union International of Amsterdam is stronger than ever before. Its score of millions of members remains a force to be reckoned with; and propaganda against war continues uninterruptedly in its ranks.

But let us return to the League of Nations. It is a task of untold difficulty to create an organization that will effectively preserve peace in this world of conflicting interests and selfish purposes; but difficulties must not deter us. I wish to close with these simple remarks by James Bryce, which might be cited as the last will and testament of that venerable champion of peace and humanity: —

> The obstacles are not invincible. But in any case we must attack them, because they are after all much smaller than the dangers which will continue to threaten civilization, if present conditions persist. The world cannot be left where it is. If the nations do not try to destroy war, war will destroy them. Some sort of united action on the part of all the States that value peace is absolutely necessary; and instead of retreating before the difficulties, we must recognize this necessity and press forward.

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WHERE ENGLAND STANDS AT PRESENT

BY ÉLIE HALÉVY

[*Professor Halévy, of the École Libre des Sciences Politiques at Paris, is probably as well informed upon social questions in Great Britain as any living European. He is the author of* A History of the English People in the Nineteenth Century. *The following article summarizes the significant passages of a much longer essay on the topic here discussed, which is doubly important at present, because the British Labor Party is commonly understood to have an even chance of carrying the next general election.*]

From *La Revue Politique et Parlementaire, July* 10
(INDEPENDENT POLITICAL-AFFAIRS MONTHLY)

WHEN the Armistice dawned, England conceived enthusiastic hopes of a new era for the human race in general and the British democracy in particular. The brilliant statesman who presided over the destinies of the nation promised to do all in his power to make Great Britain 'a country fit for heroes to live in.' He flattered himself that he could go far in that direction.

The lessons of the war seemed to promise much. In the midst of that conflict, Parliament had with marvelous unanimity voted a new suffrage-law, and a public-school law so liberal that its passage would have been inconceivable prior to 1914. The Government had assumed, with the general consent of the people, a multitude of functions that no one would have dreamed of conferring upon it a few years before. When peace arrived, the State regulated the country's commerce, decided what exports and imports were to be permitted, rationed the articles consumed by every citizen, operated the coal mines, administered the railways and the merchant fleet, manufactured munitions, and controlled every industry directly or indirectly affecting the conduct of the war. Was this magnificent politico-industrial machine, with which Great Britain had won her victory, to be scrapped?

Was the arrival of peace to be the signal for a return to the anarchy of other days? Neither the working people nor the intellectuals thought this possible. Even the Prime Minister, responsive as he is to every shift of public opinion, apparently planned for several months, to continue after peace had come, in the interest of the working classes, the State control that had won such prestige during the war.

In 1919 the Government introduced a bill to relieve the housing shortage. It authorized the local authorities to submit to the Central Government, within three months, plans for dwellings sufficient to house the people properly. These houses were to be erected at the expense of the taxpayers, upon the approval of each project by the appropriate cabinet-officer. That officer could disapprove a project only when he considered it inadequate to meet the needs of the situation. A second bill was introduced to create a Ministry of Communications, to control all railways, tramways, canals, highways, bridges, harbors, and electric-power service. This Ministry was to possess all the authority and functions that had been distributed to

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different organs of the Government during the war, plus additional powers to be conferred upon it.

No definite proposal was made to nationalize the coal mines, although the miners had made this a plank in their programme for several years. In 1919 the mine-workers presented claims for higher pay and improved working-conditions, under the threat of a complete stoppage of operations. A Commission was appointed to investigate the industry. It was composed of six representatives of the operators and six representatives of the workers and a nonpartisan chairman. This Commission recommended the nationalization of the mines by the deciding vote of Judge Sankey, its presiding officer. The Cabinet had given the distinct impression that it would adopt whatever recommendations the Commission made. Consequently, for several weeks during the summer of 1919, the nationalization of the railways and the coal mines of Great Britain seemed virtually to have been decided.

Among the advocates of such measures were not only professed Socialists like Sidney Webb, but such men as Lord Haldane, who had begun to reappear before the public after the quasi-ostracism imposed upon him by his suspected pro-German leanings during the war. His testimony before the Commission was published in the form of a pamphlet, and became a prominent propaganda-document in favor of the views it presented.

However, the Radicals themselves were not united on this issue. For a dozen years or more, certain Socialists, heirs of the old Ruskin tradition, had been in revolt against the dry, prosaic, mechanical, bureaucratic collectivism of the Webbs. Would a society where every industry was run by the state, the way the Post Office is run at present, prove to be that paradise on earth, that perennial bower of bliss, which so many prophets promised to working people? These insurgents advocated instead the organization of all producers into guilds, around which clustered, in their minds, something of the poetry of the Christian Middle Ages; or else, the revolutionary Syndicalism in vogue among reformers across the Channel.

This division already existed among the Socialists when the war came. Soon every worker who was not drafted into the army was under quasi-military discipline in factories and munition-works. Men, women, and children received higher wages than ever before, but all the trade-union rights they had possessed in times of peace disappeared. The right to strike was abolished. No channel was left them to express their grievances and discontent. The result was a general spirit of revolt, both against the Government, which had condemned them to forced labor, and against their own trade-union officials, whom they suspected of conspiring with the Government at their cost.

This ferment was already causing the authorities serious concern when the Russian Revolution, in the summer of 1917, added to its gravity. British labor, suffering from the nerve-fatigue of working at high pressure under strict war-control, naturally caught with eager ear the news that the working people of Russia had overturned a government through their factory committees, and had substituted for it a new society. The British Premier, faithful to the tradition of opportunism that had so successfully guided English policy in the past, took prompt account of this situation. The Whitley Committee, so called from the name of its chairman, had already been appointed to study ways and means for improving the relations between employers and employees.

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This Committee hastened its labors and published a series of reports, during 1917 and 1918, recommending the organization of mixed councils of masters and men to confer upon topics of common interest. The Government speedily took measures to put these recommendations into effect. A National Industrial Conference also was summoned, which passed resolutions in favor of an eight-hour day and a legal minimum wage.

Meanwhile, the miners also were taking action. Their general demand for nationalization of the coal industry had now become more specific. They proposed a Mining Council of ten members, representing the consumers, the employers, and the workers; and District Mining Councils and Pit Committees subordinate to the former. These were to control coal-mining throughout the United Kingdom. This proposal was to be incorporated in a Government bill which Lloyd George promised to introduce.

However, the Government did not keep its engagement. The two opposing tendencies, the bureaucratic collectivism advocated by the miners and the guild socialism championed by the Whitley reports, were played off against each other by employers, aided by the Government. Mine owners and operators professed to be enthusiastic for Pit Committees. In their scheme, these bodies were given no administrative authority. They were to consist of an equal number of representatives of employers and workers, whose function it was to discuss amicably matters relating directly to the welfare of the latter: wages, working-hours, safety devices, sanitation, and the like. At the same time, Sir Arthur Duckham, one of the six representatives of the employers on the Sankey Commission, submitted a plan for grouping mines into a limited number of large district companies, each of which was to be administered by a board upon which the Government and the workers would be represented. The Pit Committees would perform the functions of the Whitley Councils at each individual mine.

Lloyd George decided to champion the Duckham plan of unification, rather than the scheme for nationalizing the mines proposed by the Sankey Commission. In a word, the Government offered to mediate between employers and employees, and encouraged them to settle their differences amicably and to reorganize industry on a better basis than hitherto, but refused to assume responsibility for operating the mines.

This led to a succession of congresses and conferences in which the hostility of the miners to the Duckham plan was played off against the hostility of the mine-operators to the Sankey plan, and behind the dust of this conflict the Government was able to beat a retreat and repudiate its original programme of nationalization.

After this, the miners began to lose interest in the specific proposal to nationalize the mines, which never had appealed powerfully to the rank and file; and their attention was absorbed by questions of wages, for the cost of living still continued to rise. Finally their demands resulted in a strike that lasted three months, and ended in a nominal success for the workers. But the period of post-war prosperity was already drawing to a close, and the new wage-scale, which was based on the price of coal, brought no improvement. Indeed, the employers immediately took the offensive.

At the end of March, 1921, when Government control was terminated, the operators promptly notified their men that working-conditions would be radically changed. The miners refused

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to accept the new schedule, which represented a considerable decrease in wages. What followed was called a strike by the operators and a lockout by the men. Whichever term is applied to it, it lasted for three months.

The miners insisted that uniform wage-rates should be established for the whole Kingdom, or at least that a minimum wage should be fixed. The mine-operators insisted that different wage-schedules should prevail in different districts. Then the miners proposed that the revenues of the mines be pooled, in order that equal wages might be paid in spite of local differences in the cost of mining. By proposing a national pool, they hoped to raise again the question of nationalizing the mines. However, the Government objected to this project, and the other trade-unions were lukewarm toward it. After all these controversies, a mining-law finally passed Parliament, making the establishment of Whitley Councils in the mines permissive but not compulsory. Thus ended all the grand plans of nationalization discussed so ardently immediately after the Russian Revolution.

With the railways, the story is the same. A bill introduced in Parliament, in February 1919, for creating a Ministry of Communications, was passed, subject to radical amendments which deprived the new Minister of Transportation of most of the powers that it was originally proposed to give him. So certain was the Labor Party, immediately after the Armistice, that the railways would be nationalized, that it hardly took the trouble to agitate the issue. But railway employees were interested first and foremost in wages. So the Government appointed a Central Wages Board, consisting of employees and employers, and in addition an Advisory Committee of a dozen railway managers and four workingmen, to study all pending questions and make their recommendation to the Cabinet.

The result was a series of suggestions practically parallel with the Duckham plan for reorganizing the mining industry. There was to be unification, amalgamation, but no nationalization. The industrial anarchy of the pre-war period was to be avoided. The Government was to force competing railways to group themselves into larger regional units. At the head of each unit was to be an administrative council upon which the employees were to be represented.

This project was before the public a long time without greatly interesting anyone. The Labor Party had a rival project for the immediate consolidation of all the roads in the country and their administration by a board of seven commissioners. However, this was merely a demonstration and not intended to be taken seriously. On May 3, 1921, the railways and their employees signed an amicable agreement, quite independently of all the Government boards and committees, either proposed or existing, that provisionally settled working-conditions on the roads.

These two cases are typical of the gradual nibbling-away of the ambitious programme of reform proposed by the radical and progressive elements of Great Britain immediately after the Armistice. Silently and patiently the governing classes in England, under the leadership of Lloyd George, mastered the agitation among the workers. The whole scheme of projected legislation in their behalf collapsed. The proposed eight-hour bill has not been submitted. The war act regulating wages has expired by limitation, and nothing has been substituted in its place. A proposed amendment to the Trade Boards Act, of 1909, that would

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have given the Minister of Labor power to appoint Trade Boards for any industry where he considered or believed the employees to be underpaid, failed to pass the gauntlet of its Parliamentary critics.

Indeed, it is the middle classes, staggering under a burden of direct taxation of which a Frenchman can form no conception, that are now giving the Government concern. They demand strict economy in public expenditures, and as a result, the whole policy of Government welfare-work has been radically curtailed. The housing programme was stopped after 166,000 tenements or workers' dwellings had been contracted for. Of these, 68,000 are finished, 69,000 are in course of erection, and 39,000 have not yet been started — and perhaps never will be, unless money is provided. The new Public School Act is not enforced for similar reasons.

Meanwhile nothing has shaken the solid structure of the Labor Party, and if it has lost some seats of late in City Councils, because protesting taxpayers demanded economy, it has won a series of victories in Parliamentary by-elections. It hopes to double and perhaps treble its delegation in the House of Commons at the next general election. It is the least doctrinaire labor party in the world. It is an opportunist organization to meet the daily emergencies of the working people as they arise. If such action harmonizes with Socialism, well and good; but if not, its undogmatic leaders throw the Socialist programme aside. We cannot even claim that the failure of the ambitious projects that I have described, for placing the industries and commerce of the Kingdom under State control, has been unwelcome to the trade-unions. We might say that these proposed reforms were defeated with the connivance, and even the collaboration, of labor leaders.

The economic history of Europe for twenty years has been dominated by one great fact: the rapid rise in the cost of living. That movement does not date from the war, but it was accelerated by the war until everybody was acutely conscious of it. Inflation and a simultaneous falling-off of production explain why this movement has of late acquired unprecedented rapidity. Prior to 1914, it might be explained by the growing output of gold. However that may be, the rise in prices has caused revolutionary changes in the distribution of wealth. Whoever lives on a fixed income, whether derived from security investments or received for services, instinctively feels that he belongs to a decadent class. While such persons are growing poorer, those who own physical property, whether manufacturers or merchants, are rapidly growing richer. But where shall we place the wage-earners in this category? Are they the victims or the beneficiaries of this new situation? Their position is so unstable that it is difficult to define. If they increase their wages by strikes and threats of strikes, they only stimulate the rise in the cost of living. While each new addition to his wages makes the workingman feel his power, his discovery that this prosperity is an elusive will-o'-the-wisp that ever escapes his grasp fills his soul with sullen discontent. He becomes a revolutionary.

Eventually there is a crisis. Manufacturers and merchants can no longer sell their goods. They lower prices by the minimum required to move their stocks, and lower wages by the maximum that their workingmen will bear. If the latter strike, the employer does not suffer. For in the first place, the strike is doomed to fail; in the second place, it reduces the number of producers at the very moment when owners of goods desire to restrict pro-

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duction. Strikes merely add new hordes of unemployed to the number already without work.

In England these idle wage-earners multiplied, between the summer of 1920 and the spring of 1921, until they approached two millions. Thereupon unemployment naturally became the first concern of every labor leader.

Before the war, England outdid Germany in her system of workingmen's insurance against accidents, illness, and unemployment. The law of 1911 experimentally taxed the cost of this insurance against three parties: the employers, the workingmen, and the Government. Successive amendments to the law have extended it until it now covers twelve million workers.

However, a weekly dole of 15*s.*, even with the addition of 5*s.* for his wife and 1*s.* for each child more than fourteen years of age, is not enough to keep a workingman above the distress level. Even if the amount were raised to a pound sterling at the sole expense of the taxpayers, as the Labor Party demands, it would not be enough. So the British public is asking whether there is not a more radical remedy that will cure the original evil of unemployment. Such a remedy exists — to recover the markets that gave work to British labor before the war. England's primary problem is not to balance her budget or to collect the utmost indemnity from Germany; it is to solve the unemployment crisis, to revive the trade and industry of Central and Eastern Europe, and to reopen former markets for her wares.

This situation has turned her people back to the economic convictions dear to their fathers. They again believe that the citizen does not become wealthy by accumulating money, but by trading with other producers, whose prosperity is the corner stone of his own prosperity. Adam Smith and Ricardo preached this doctrine. Richard Cobden popularized it with the masses three quarters of a century ago. Norman Angel, the author of *The Great Illusion*, restated it on the eve of the late war. John Maynard Keynes, the prophet of *The Economic Consequences of the Peace*, is its present champion. The Labor Party stands solidly behind these principles. But are they labor principles? Adam Smith, Ricardo, Richard Cobden, Norman Angel, and Maynard Keynes are far from being Socialists; they are doctrinaire Liberals, and convinced adversaries of Socialism.

This ebbing of Socialist idealism in England, of which every fact that we have cited gives indubitable evidence, will, we venture to predict, prove permanent. Socialists may assert that the popularity of State Socialism after 1914 was an abnormal phenomenon having no connection with the healthy progress of Socialist thought; that the apparent reaction of to-day is merely a return to normal, and that, when it has run its course and the present crisis has passed, Socialism will again begin to make converts. Perhaps. But this does not affect the fact that the Labor Party has wilfully neglected a peculiarly favorable opportunity to put through the nationalization of Great Britain's coal mines and railways without much shock to existing business. And this occasion having passed, — passed, as we have tried to make clear, with the Labor Party's connivance, — that body now finds itself in an inconsistent position. Solidly supported by a disciplined organization, its representatives sit in Parliament as the recognized Opposition to Lloyd George's bourgeois Coalition. But when the Party casts about for a programme around which the masses of its followers can rally on election day, it has no Socialist doctrine to offer, but proclaims old principles championed by bourgeois liberalism for half a century.

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COLORED SOLDIERS

BY PIERRE KHORAT

From *Le Correspondant, July* 10
(LIBERAL CATHOLIC BIMONTHLY)

COLORED colonials occupy an important place in our new military programme. It is estimated that an army of 606,000 men, upon a peace basis, is necessary for the security of France. Nearly 100,000 of these will be professional soldiers; 300,000 will be raised by compulsory enlistment at home; and the remaining 206,000 by compulsory enlistment in the colonies. Before the war we had 70,000 native troops, all stationed in our overseas possessions. Therefore, we now propose to add more than 130,000 men to the number previously drafted from our colonies.

This is not a new proposal. Twelve years ago, Colonel Mangin eulogized our black forces and advocated the more extensive use of colored troops. Then came our Morocco campaign. There is a current proverb: 'A Tunisian is a woman; an Algerian a man; a Moroccan a warrior.' We expected our new conquest to cost us dear and to require large forces. After the Algeciras Conference, we realized that we must make some definite decision regarding a campaign. It would not do for France to mobilize in Morocco an army that she might need for home defense. A German fleet could render exceedingly dangerous, and perhaps prevent entirely, its withdrawal in an emergency. Moreover, foreign military service was very unpopular at home. Our memories of Tonkin and Madagascar were still vivid. All added to the force of Colonel Mangin's arguments.

Prudent as his proposal seemed, it was not easy to secure its adoption. It encountered strong popular prejudice, and much obstruction from military lovers of tradition. However, toward the end of 1911, Colonel Mangin began to convert his opponents. The course of affairs in Morocco helped him. The troops from Algiers and Tunis employed there speedily won the commendation of their severest and most biased critics. Their use materially lightened the draft upon our troops at home.

Then came the World War to upset all established precedents. We were soon forced to employ, not only black soldiers, but any kind of soldiers, black, yellow, or brown, that could be of service. Men from Tunis, Algiers, Morocco, Senegal, Anam, Madagascar, and Somaliland served as laborers, hospital attendants, truck-drivers, and combatant troops. Altogether, we recruited nearly 850,000 colored warriors and workers, who performed their duty acceptably in the battle line and in the rear. I do not mean to say, as some enthusiasts have done, that they fought better than our white soldiers, and that we should have lost the war without them. But their aid was so appreciated that it was seriously proposed to naturalize them en masse as compensation for their services.

For four years, our writers and propagandists behind the front promised that wars should end and a Golden Age should follow our victory. But the scourge of militarism we hoped to abolish torments us as cruelly as ever. Not only do we still have that scourge at home, but we are spreading it among

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nations that have not known it hitherto. Before 'justice and civilization triumphed over barbarism,' we recruited a few thousand soldiers for local service in Indo-China, Madagascar, and Africa. Except our Senegal troops, who were employed in Morocco and the Congo, these forces did not leave their native lands. Military service was welcome and imposed no heavy sacrifice upon the natives. Nor did it leave bitter memories behind. Now, the colored race is swept up in the cyclone of militarism of which we are the centre. They sent 850,000 of their most vigorous young men to fight militarism in Europe, and the survivors have brought back the infection to their native land.

Before the war, our colonial soldiers lived with their families, except when upon military expeditions. They returned to their garrisons to find their wives and children awaiting them. The 'married men's camp' was often the largest population-centre of the district where they were stationed. To-day, they are taken away to a country where the warmth of their welcome does not temper the frigidity of the climate, and where they must live for years in moral isolation and exile. In the old days they learned trades, made the brick and the lime of which they built their barracks, constructed roads and bridges, and cultivated little farms and gardens under the immediate direction of their officers. Most of them, when their period of service was over, took back to their native villages savings that enabled them to live in idleness and dignity among their fellow tribesmen. Others found employment in their respective trades with our white colonials. To-day these men languish for years in great barracks and cantonments, learning a military profession that has become so complicated that it leaves no time to master the pursuits of peace. During their long absence many forget their native village and stay in Europe after they are discharged from the army, 'to live like Europeans.' They find employment among us as common laborers, longshoremen, and the like, having learned no trades to qualify them for better places.

Before the war our colored troops met enemies more numerous, but less well-equipped and trained than themselves. They fought willingly because they were fighting savage neighbors, whose forays brought massacre and pillage to the lands of their fellow tribesmen. To-day they learn a different kind of war, where the very air is heavy with poison, where the enemy is invisible, where the land trembles and is rent asunder, where death whistles and shrieks on every hand, where ruined villages and shell-torn fields make the path of war resemble the fury-ridden trail of an insane God. Certainly they are no better off for helping to win a war to destroy a militarism that was almost idyllic compared with the militarism that took its place.

However, this calling upon the natives of Asia and Africa to serve in our regiments is more than a philosophical paradox. It is undermining the prosperity of our dependencies. Since the war, our economists and engineers have been busy proving to us that these possessions are not producing as they should. We are told that they should supply us with what we now buy from foreign lands — that they are mines of incalculable wealth. We are shown elaborate computations of areas and products and population, demonstrating that we are 'a nation of 100 million people,' and entirely self-sufficient if we but utilize our resources systematically. A proposal is on foot to appropriate four billion francs for developing our colonies. But what does all this amount to if we have no labor? What does it profit us to construct great ir-

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rigation-works along the Niger to raise cotton for our spinners, to bring under cultivation vast tracts of land in Indo-China to furnish us with rice, to tap the forests of Kamerun and Congo with logging roads, to open mines in Tonkin and Madagascar, if there are no people in those places to cultivate the fields, to fell the timber, and to mine the ore? Yet that is precisely what will follow compulsory service in our overseas possessions.

Indeed, the population problem in our colonies is already quite as serious as it is at home. Fifty million people are scattered over more than four million square miles of territory. Most of these are concentrated in the Algerian littoral, the deltas of Anam, and the regions south of the Niger. The rest wander over immense stretches of almost uninhabited territory.

If we draft into our barracks the most vigorous and intelligent young men of these dependencies, men whose services are so exigently needed for subduing and developing their native countries, who is going to perform that task for them? We must not count too confidently upon the men who are relieved from service. Unhappily, we know only too well how garrison life destroys the soldier's taste for farming and rural pursuits; how it habituates men to congested quarters, and makes them prefer the city to the country.

But let us assume that a majority of these discharged native soldiers will return home after they have completed their service in France. What of the ideas and habits that they have acquired from us? It would be willful blindness to refuse to see the pernicious effects of a long sojourn in our great cities upon our colored colonials. During the war, we were forced to shut our eyes to the evils that their presence around our factories and instruction camps produced. We said, '*C'est la guerre.*' Flattered and courted by white women, written up and flattered by the press, jollied and flattered by our politicians, is it strange that they believed they 'had arrived'? They ceased to regard white Frenchmen as unquestioned superiors. Our military glories no longer dazzle them.

Up to the time of the war we were invincible masters, under whose guidance they had accomplished things that would have been impossible under leaders of their own race. With French officers at their head, the Anamese drove the Chinese invader from territories over which their native rulers had been helpless to assert their rights for centuries. Led by us, our Central African subjects had defeated and annihilated a score of formidable and dreaded hostile chiefs. With our guidance, the Algerians had brought the Tauregs to submission, and pacified the Sahara.

Then came the day when we, the great masters in the art of war, had need of them. Without their help, they were told, we should never have won a victory, should never have driven the enemy from our soil. Hysterical writers and gushing orators told them their very presence terrified the Turks and the Germans. They fought shoulder to shoulder with our soldiers, while our military experts in the rear vaunted them as the equals, if not the superiors, of our most valiant troops. Last of all, when peace was made, we feared to remain alone face to face with the vanquished enemy, whom they had helped us to subdue and disarm. We still must have them by our side.

When the war was over, we recompensed our colored troops by assigning them to garrison duty in the principal towns along the Rhine. We fancied that we could thus humiliate 'the barbarians,' forgetting that we were at the same time humiliating the entire white race. The Germans protested against

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'the black disgrace,' and we were indignant at their anger. We started out to demonstrate that their alleged grievances were false, and called on the world to witness the good conduct of our soldiers — whether white, yellow, or brown. It would have been far better had we never started that debate. We made a joke of Gretchen's sensibilities, forgetting the complacent heart that beat in many a French girl's bosom; and we have probably prepared the way for a lynch law in our colonies. . . .

We already have mixed garrisons in some of our towns. We shall have more of them; and at many places the troops will be exclusively black. I understand quite well that there will be a prudent forestalling of unpleasant incidents, but prudent precautions in an imprudent course are generally rendered futile by events. What is likely to happen if serious strikes or political disorders occur in our large cities? The troops will be summoned; and should these soldiers be exclusively yellow, black, or brown, shall we dare to use them against the rioters? Shall we not have a bigger task than we can handle, when race hatred springs to the side of class hatred? And will it be a pleasing thing to see men of our own blood cut down by those whom we believe destined by nature to obey us? I blush with shame when I contemplate the prospect that our civilization is to be defended in our own country by people whom we snatched but yesterday from anarchy and barbarism.

Quite true, when a French mob is crazed by the beast in man, it makes little difference how it is brought to its senses. Color alone does not make the savage. Neither, however, does legality make right. I have another vision: of Senegalese, Algerian, Anamese, or Madagascar battalions sternly holding back indignant multitudes, while our churches are desecrated by official edict and our religious orders are ejected from their property. For who can read the future? Who can assure us that our streets and public squares are not to witness such scenes as that? No man with a vestige of racial self-respect can contemplate without apprehension the rôle that these colored troops may play in France, should they ever be made the tools of the social policy that so many ambitious innovators now desire

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REMEETING SHAW: A GERMAN'S IMPRESSION

BY ALFRED KERR

[*Alfred Kerr is visiting England for the* Berliner Tageblatt *and has contributed to that journal a series of interesting personal impressions of the country. The first of these articles is printed below.*]

From the *Berliner Tageblatt, July* 16
(Liberal Daily)

My eagerness to get away from Germany struggled with an opposing desire to stay in the land of my birth during this hour of her distress. For my departure was set for the day that Walther Rathenau, my neighbor in Grünewald, was murdered. It was with heavy heart, indeed, that I bade Berlin farewell.

My troubles at the Holland frontier next day helped to shake off the weight of this oppression. The German customs official said my trunk had not arrived. 'Faulty dispatching at Berlin. It happens every day. *Himmelbombendonnerkreuzwettersakrafuffzigeinhalb. Nochmal!!!*'

So I must either wait twenty-four hours in this dead little burg, or leave my key behind and let my trunk follow me to England in such condition as it might be left by the men who searched it. As I contemplated this prospect, I felt like repeating the customs guard's exclamation five times over.

As soon as I seated myself in Shaw's London morning-room, we both recalled our last meeting. That was nine years ago — a year before the war, and in the same room. He lives as he did then, in a fine old cottage looking out over the Thames — a retiring and reposeful place, although only a step removed from the turmoil of business.

His lanky form, his long white-whiskered countenance, with its ruddy complexion and watery-blue eyes, were unchanged. He shows no trace of growing old. His manner is characterized by the calm, clear vision of a seer. But formerly he smiled oftener and was gentler. He looks anything but an author — resembles rather a head forester, or even a swimming instructor.

Shaw had just come into the city from the country. We spoke of Walther Rathenau. Only a few days previously Rathenau had told me of his visit with Shaw; how he had found time in the midst of his official engagements and preoccupations to call on him. Shaw spoke of the assassination with deep emotion. Such an exhibition of feeling impressed one rather oddly in this skeptic. He spoke of the personal charm of the dead man: 'Rathenau had the gift of bringing a suggestive power to bear on his opponents. We need that now. It is a heavy blow to the pacification of Europe, to strike down the men best fitted to counsel wisely. Just when the war broke out they killed Jaurès; now they kill the leading men that stand between the world and greater misfortunes. Jaurès, too, was capable of practical policies as well as ideals.'

Shaw faces the future without prejudice or illusions, like a practical man. He continued: 'Rathenau knew how to get on with people. He talked with my wife and me as if he had known us for

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ten years. His quality recalled — in spite of the differences between a cosmopolitan thinker and a fire-eater — that of Mirabeau. He had the gift of saving helpless, desperate situations by his personal magic. He had a genius for that. An irreparable loss!'

Shaw sank back in his armchair. The light reflected from the river flooded the room — the light that the man we spoke of no longer saw. But the world remained with us in all its weakness and brutality.

Our conversation turned to Lloyd George. Shaw had heard him make a speech the previous day, and was filled with furious indignation.

'What was the occasion?'

'A memorial service for Meseinei.'

'For whom?'

'For the Italian, Meseinei.'

I could not identify him. Shaw took a sheet of paper and wrote down the word 'Mazzini.'

'Oh, yes!'

Shaw regarded Mazzini as almost a Socialist. 'But this fellow Lloyd George,' he said, 'had the audacity to declare that the map of Europe to-day looks about the way this Italian wanted it. . . . Ah, and the slick lawyer's phrases! Such cheap trash as: "Hitherto we have been intent on protecting ourselves from our enemies; now we are intent on protecting our enemies." . . . Revolting! . . . Lloyd George was always a rhetorician, possibly a shrewd politician, never a statesman.'

I merely set down Shaw's opinion as he gave it. Then he continued: 'Lloyd George is a Parliamentary hothouse-plant, with all its artificial qualities, and not a statesman of creative genius. He got ahead by serving the ruling classes, not by fighting them. Lloyd George used to attack the English Junkers, but he owes his career to their assistance, not to the fact that he opposed them.'

'Don't the Tories hate him?'

'No. Only Northcliffe, for personal reasons. Anyway, Northcliffe is on the verge of insanity and about to die.'

Shaw made these observations without the slightest trace of passion, but with calm conviction — although he is regarded in England as a fanatic. When I called Lloyd George 'ambivalent,' Shaw thought that the word 'ambiguous' would be better. He said: 'It 's no great trick to run a government during a war. Even Hindenburg can do it. For half of the laws are suspended, and the only thing that people hear is: Win the war, win the war. But that kind of government does no good. Lloyd George ran things in that way. Such men as he and Clemenceau should have been bundled off to St. Helena as soon as the war was over.'

I made some humorous objection to selecting this particular place of exile. Shaw laughed.

Large photographs of several eminent people, notably Rodin and Einstein, stared at us from over the bookshelves, in the morning-room, in a consoling way. Shaw straightened up in his armchair, and, leaning a little forward, started in again on Lloyd George. He spoke without emotion, like a man who rather despises the world of everyday affairs.

'The whole Versailles muddle is a grotesque joke. Lloyd George demanded two things in the hour of crisis: First, we must hang the Kaiser; second, Germany must pay. So he had two jobs before him. He failed in the first. And the second? What shall we be paid in? At first they said: "Let Germany build ships for England."' Shaw smiled and continued: 'At once our British shipbuilders raised a nasty row, and Lloyd George dropped that instanter.' Shaw had made a trip through the northern cities and had personally observed the anxiety of naval engineers, and of ship-

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yard owners and workers, lest they be put out of business.

'Well, then, what shall we be paid in? They next said: "German steel." Whereupon our steel-makers were up in arms, and Lloyd George dropped that like a hot potato. But what shall they pay with? "Let Germany deliver coal to France." Then we had the Wales collieries about our necks; and Lloyd George dropped that. Now, last of all, his experts tell us that only one thing is left to try. Germany is to pay with potash.'

A smile rippled over his face, but he saw nothing ahead except confusion worse confounded.

'France,' he said, 'is levying blackmail. France knows the Treaty is unworkable. Lloyd George knows that France knows the Treaty is unworkable. The whole thing is hideous madness. So the world is going to the Devil.'

He talked, not like a man who enjoyed the folly of his fellow men, but like one who could not comprehend or tolerate that folly. Is he a fanatic? No. Merely a clear-seeing man of luminous intellect and right intentions. He continued, with more indignation than sarcasm in his voice: 'The feeling of the English toward their loyal Ally, France, is just now actually worse than at the time of the Battle of Waterloo.'

Mrs. Shaw came into the room. She inquired with almost maternal solicitude, as if to sympathize with her caller, whether there was any danger the Monarchist murders would destroy the Republic. In fact, everyone I met here showed much sympathy for us, in the tragedy that an assassin's hand had brought upon our country. I did not discover anywhere the slightest evidence of hatred. The unemployment crisis has shown everyone that England is vitally interested in Germany's recovery.

Our conversation turned to the Soviet Government. Shaw exhibited a sincere, but by no means uncritical, liking for the Russians. He said: 'They have been hitherto students, idealists, unpolitical men. They had to go through this apprenticeship. Don't expect the impossible at first. The task before them was superhuman. They are still at the dawn of their history. We must admire them for one thing: they are no mere tacticians. They are determined to see the thing through to the end.'

We discussed Strindberg. Shaw related a funny meeting with him in Stockholm. It was preceded by a letter from him, a perfect hodgepodge of English, German, and French. Strindberg was so diffident that it was hard for them to converse at ease. Suddenly the Swedish poet looked at the clock, and said deliberately in German (Shaw repeated the sentence in that language): '*Um — zwei — Uhr — werde — ich — krank — sein*' (At two o'clock I shall be sick), and betook himself off.

Shaw rather oddly prefers Hauptmann's earlier writings, *Die Webe* and *Das Friedensfest*. He met that poet, also, and was deeply impressed by his broad human interest and sympathy.

But, whatever the topic of our conversation, Shaw kept recurring to Walther Rathenau. With a voice showing much deeper feeling than one might have imagined from his writings, he referred to the murdered man as a 'charming fellow.'

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REWARDS OF GENIUS THROUGH THE CENTURIES

BY GIOVANNI MARCELLINO

From *La Tribuna, July* 14
(ROME LIBERAL DAILY)

AN eminent French sociologist, the Vicomte d'Avenel, has written a book that should be read and pondered by all men who depend upon brain-work for a living. It is a large volume of four hundred pages, recording with abundant citation of sources the compensation received during the last seven hundred years by scholars, artists, authors, and scientists. The most striking thing in this record is the miserliness of their reward; and of recent years this has become more marked than ever. Many great geniuses to-day might well cry with Corneille: *Je suis saoul de gloire et affamé d'argent* (I am sated with glory and famished for money).

The author observed, in the preface to an earlier important work, *The Source of Great Fortunes:* 'The highest abilities are not the most profitable; the most highly paid are not always the most highly honored; men of equal capacity and industry are compensated on widely different scales.'

But what is the remedy? Is it to be found in some scheme for the just distribution of wealth toward which modern democracy is supposed to be tending? Avenel believes that such an expectation, generous and just as it may be, will never be realized and cannot be realized. In studying the great fortunes created by the labor of individual manufacturers and merchants, he has come to the conclusion that the workingman does not create, of his own motive, any of this wealth; he is merely 'a tool, an inert force.' The true creator is the man who conceives the idea, who drafts the plan, who directs the forces without which the multitude of workers would not create and could not create anything beyond what the primitive cave-man produced.

This apparently ultraconservative and antidemocratic theory, however, merely leads Avenel to the conclusion that the man unjustly treated in the present scheme of things is the scholar, the scientist, the invisible generator of our modern civilization, the inventor of our machines, the designer of our improvements, from which he generally receives but a minimum of personal profit, and often less than the humblest manual worker.

This is demonstrably true in the field of mechanical invention and natural science. When we turn to the domain of letters and the fine arts, we discover that the compensation of genius is not governed by any economic law, because these laws operate in a sphere that has no contact with the sphere of genius. The profession of letters has always been less lucrative than that of the great conquerors of yesterday and the great captains of industry to-day, because the writer cannot set his own price or sell at his own terms. The higher the quality of an intellectual or artistic product, the less proportionally is the compensation received for it. A popular music-hall song may bring the composer more than a scholar receives for a work that represents a lifetime of labor.

A man of letters in the fourteenth

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century had at least this advantage over the authors of our day. He received the reward of his labors in person, just as the physician and the lawyer receive their fees, without the necessity of employing a middleman publisher. The ballad-singers of old interpreted their works in person, and sold them in manuscript, directly to the ultimate purchaser. In the Middle Ages the students at Avignon used to write and recite in public their verses to secure money for continuing their studies. A knight of Carcassonne, who owned one fourth of the Castle of Mirevaux, finally acquired the whole property 'through his fair and rich poesy' (*au moyen de sa belle et riche poésie*). Anselmo Fudit, an honest burgher, son of the councillor of the Papal Legation in Avignon, made a comfortable fortune out of certain of his plays which he himself acted.

Avenel's book abounds in similar cases. Compared with our hordes of inglorious and half-starved poets today, the minstrels of the Middle Ages occupied a position of enviable opulence and honor. For example, a minstrel received 15 francs for a song at Valenciennes, and 20 francs at Conflans. Another was paid 100 francs at Paris. In 1234 the minstrel of the Comte de Provence received 1000 francs. The same year, five or six minstrels who composed verses at the coronation of St. Louis divided among them the respectable stipend of 11,000 francs.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, philosophers, scholars, and chroniclers enjoyed relatively good incomes. Poets and scientists were treated best of all. A good verse-writer easily secured pensions, livings in the Church, and might even, like Ronsard, become an archbishop. That royal favorite and courtly bard received several pensions, the revenue of a curé, of two abbots, and of several priors, and was repeatedly presented with gifts of precious stones and gold by Queen Elizabeth of England and Mary Stuart.

This was the Golden Age of Mæcenism. Poets and writers turned to kings and princes for recognition and royal bounty. They dedicated to them works that were often of doubtful value, always ending the letters that accompanied them with some such phrase as this: 'Your Magnificence will surely not refuse to the Muses what the great men of other centuries have accorded them.' It was by thus flattering Richelieu that the poet Malherbe won a pension which made him independent for life. La Fontaine obtained a similar bounty of 3250 francs a year from Fouquet, the Chief Inspector of the Revenues. During the reign of Louis XIV, the pensions that the State paid to authors reached the sum of 375,000 francs a year.

Many writers also won fame and fortune without courting the aid of sovereigns or princes. The poet Chapelain, known in his time as 'a king of letters,' left his heirs more than a million francs; Boileau left 286,000 francs. On the other hand, Beuseval received only 10,500 francs for his works, and La Bruyère and Corneille not more than 7000 francs. Corneille's royalty for a representation of the *Cid* was only three *scudi*, and sometimes even less; as the world knows, this great writer of tragedy died in the utmost poverty. We all recall the famous verse of Théophile Gautier, in which he describes 'the great poet standing barefoot in a cobbler's corner while his shoes are mended': —

Cependant en un bouge auprès d'un savetier,
Pieds nus, le grand Corneille attendait son soulier.

However, Racine was able to save 145,000 francs within ten years, from the proceeds of his tragedies, besides a royal pension, and later in life he drew

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a munificent salary as 'Secretary of the King, the Royal House and Crown of France.' Voltaire, who in common opinion enjoys the honor of having emancipated authors from their servile condition, left to his heirs a revenue of 350,000 francs. But, to tell the truth, he owed this more to successful speculation than to the proceeds from his writings. Rousseau's *Village Pastor* brought him altogether 11,925 francs. The author says in his *Confessions:* 'This scenic intermezzo cost me hardly five or six weeks' work, but enabled me to live for several years. It paid me as much as *Émile*, which cost me twenty years of thought and three of writing.' In fact, he received only 10,560 francs for *Émile.*

We may mention, in passing, the pittance Molière received for his works; and that Le Sage, who lived and died a poor man, was paid for a single representation of his masterpiece, *Il Turcaret*, only 9 francs.

If we turn from the field of authorship to that of art, we discover still more striking facts. Albrecht Dürer, when he died, left an estate of about 160,000 francs. A single one of his pictures would bring that sum to-day. His best-paid work was his famous Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, for which he received 3650 francs. In the latter years of his life, he executed a large portrait in pen and ink and crayon for 100 oysters, and during his illness paid a doctor's bill of 24 francs with one of his drawings. Raphael, although a most exacting and businesslike artist, sold his Coronation of the Virgin for 5000 francs. It would command at least a half-million to-day. Correggio was forced to give his Christ in the Garden to pay a debt of 100 francs. Annibale Carracci sold his Resurrection to a rich merchant for a measure of grain and a measure of wine. For the statue of Moses in the Church of San Pietro in Vincoli at Rome, Michelangelo received a sum equivalent to rather more than 22,000 francs to-day. His fee for the fifteen figures of the Apostles in the Cathedral at Siena was practically the same amount. Rubens, a king among painters, and considered a most exacting one in his day, accepted 4320 francs for his Descent from the Cross, now in the Antwerp Museum, and recently valued at more than 400,000 francs.

And Rembrandt? Not even Rembrandt was an exception to the rule. He is reported to have earned and squandered an immense fortune. That is a myth. The picture for which he received the most, The Night Watch, brought him 7200 francs. His usual fee for portraits was 2000 francs, though he sometimes made them for 1200. His celebrated canvas, Christ at Emmaus, was sold in 1734 for 170 florins, equivalent to about 340 francs to-day. This canvas formed part of the collection of the financier, Randon de Boisset, who sold it for 10,500 francs. Its value at present is more than 800,000 francs. Such examples might be multiplied indefinitely.

Doubtless there have been in all ages, and especially in modern times, instances where artists, writers, and scientists acquire both great reputation and great fortunes. Meissonier and Henner died millionaires. Boucher acquired a large estate. Alexandre Dumas *père*, Victorien Sardou, and others earned considerably more than a competence with their pens. Among inventors and scientists, Edison might be mentioned as a man who has gained world-wide fame and simultaneously a colossal fortune. But, in spite of such exceptions, it is no paradox to say that genius has been inadequately remunerated in every land and in every age.

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CHURCH REVOLUTION IN SOVIET RUSSIA

BY IVAN TREGUBOV

[*We print below an interesting, though naturally partisan, version of the attempt to reform the Orthodox Church, of which obscure reports have recently come from Russia.* Golos Rossii, *a conservative Russian daily published in Berlin, interprets the movement as an effort of the Soviet Government to make the Church its tool, just as the Tsar's Government did before it. Opponents of the new reforms are prosecuted and put to death as conspirators, while its champions stand high in the favor of the Government.* Na Kanune, *another Russian paper printed in the same city, which is Socialist but not Communist, refers to the new movement as 'a regeneration of the Russian Church.'*]

From *Moscow Isvestiya, June 4*
(Official Bolshevist Daily)

Within the past five years, two revolutions have occurred in Russia: the first was political, and the second was social or Communist. Now a third revolution has begun, this time affecting the Church. Hitherto the Orthodox Church has been either hostile or indifferent to the Revolution; it has never been sympathetic or actively friendly. But now hostility has developed between the higher clergy and the main body of the Church. This sentiment is so strong that many leading ecclesiastics have escaped to other countries, where they are actively coöperating with Conservative agitators to restore the Monarchy.

Meanwhile, those high church officials who have remained in Russia have sought to utilize their privileges and their influence to oppose the Soviet Government in its policy of employing the church treasures to feed the starving population. The result of this heartless opposition has been the conversion of those members of the Church who deplore such an attitude to a programme of church revolution. The church reformers, headed by Bishop Antonin and certain of his advisers, have established a 'Supreme Church Administration,' while Patriarch Tichon has been compelled to relinquish his authority and to immure himself within the Don Monastery.

So far as can be learned from their organ, *The Living Church*, and from interviews with some of the leaders of the movement, the reformers are endeavoring to renovate church institutions and doctrines on the basis of a true interpretation of the Scriptures. They assert that Christ's teaching and Christian love are incompatible with social and economic inequality, with the exploitation of one man by another; in short, with the existence of capitalism in the world. Therefore they sympathize in principle with the Soviet régime, which strives to substitute Communism for capitalism. They are ready to assist the present Government in any way, since the Apostles and the early Christians were also communists and lived as such.

In pursuit of their aims they have reformed the church service, so as to appeal to the sympathy and intelligence of their parishioners instead of stupefying them with dry and lifeless dogmas. The services are now conducted in the Russian language, instead of the Old Slavonic. It is proposed to remove many of the rich ornamentations from

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the altars, so that parishioners may see and hear what is done by the clergy and may take a direct and personal part in the service.

These changes and reforms will be officially defined and sanctioned at the All-Russian Church Congress, to be held this August. Naturally, so radical a religious reform has aroused great opposition from some, and an enthusiastic welcome from others. Its leaders receive characteristic communications from both sides. For example, one distinguished clerical reformer was handed the following letter after a sermon preaching the new doctrine: —

May you be accursed, Judas, for your attacks on the Orthodox Faith and its priests! Your place is in Hell, together with your inspirers, the devils, and you will not escape the fate of your teacher and instructor, Judas Iscariot. He sold Christ for thirty pieces of silver, and you, who sell your Christian conscience for an even smaller price, will not escape the wrath of God.

Other communications of this character are briefer. One was limited to the sentence: 'You have a fine bark, you dog!' Another wrote: 'We shall not accept wolves who clothe themselves in the skins of lambs.' And still another advertised his servility of soul by writing: —

You say that we should condemn external inequality, but Christ never said that. He said: 'Let each remain in his station; if you are a warrior, remain a warrior; if you are a slave, obey your master.' You claim to observe the teaching of Christ, but you do not obey that teaching. He said: 'There is no other authority except from the Lord,' and you have overthrown the authority of the Holy Patriarch. This is a sin unforgivable, since His Holiness is exalted above all criticism.

Bishop Antonin has been exposed to many reproaches and denunciations, especially by women. They assail him in the street and in the church with cries of 'traitor,' 'usurper,' 'Antichrist.' Someone wrote over his name, signed to a notice on the doors of his church, the word 'Satan.' Men have threatened to kill him, and were he to appear in the Smolensk Market, where he is bitterly hated, he would be torn to pieces.

When we read this abuse of the leaders of the new Church, who are animated by the loftiest feelings and ideals, we should be plunged into utter despair at such manifestations of human ignorance and ingratitude, did there not ring out amid this storm of invective nobler and calmer voices bestowing their blessings and their thanks upon these leaders. Bishop Antonin recently received the following letter: —

Your Eminence, I greet your accession to the post of the Supreme Head of the Administration with joy, for I believe that you have been called by a Higher Power. Be strong! Nearly the whole of Moscow is against you. You have become the object of the vilest abuse. But already men begin to understand. May the Lord bless your holy deed!

Two priests of the new Church have received an identical letter: —

Brethren in Christ! The writer of these lines shares all the ideals of the champions of a democratic Church, as expressed in the pages of the Moscow press. He welcomes your attempt to regenerate the so-called Orthodox Church, which always had a political and antichristian character.

In conclusion, let me state that I personally am a follower of the free and sane religion of science. But I consider that the new Living Church comes closest of all religions to realizing Christ's teachings of love and communism. Therefore I welcome its creation and shall aid it in every way I can.

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THE HARPSICHORD

BY NELLIE CHAPLIN

From *Music and Letters, July*
(London Musical Quarterly)

'Old dance music has an inexpressible pathos; as I listen to it I seem to be present at long-past festivities, whose very haunts are swept away and forgotten. Every lovely fancy, every movement of delight, every thought and thrill of pleasure, which music calls forth, does not die. Such as these become fairy existences; spiritual creatures, shadowy but real, and of an inexpressible delicate grace and beauty.' — Shorthouse, *John Inglesant*

'To understand and interpret old music we must know thoroughly how to use the instruments of the period. How often a piece which has sounded hitherto gray and monotonous becomes clear and full of point when it is played on the instrument for which it was written. We get back again not only the appropriate color, but the right tempo and true character — in fact, its whole construction.' —Wanda Landowska

One fine morning in the summer of 1904, a van drew up at our door and from it emerged Arnold Dolmetsch and a harpsichord. He had previously asked me to play in Bach's Double Concerto in C major at one of his concerts in Clifford's Inn. As I had no knowledge of the harpsichord, it was a case of 'fools rushing in.' However, all went well at the concert as far as the ensemble was concerned, and the result was that it fired me with a desire to possess an instrument of my own.

For a time I worked on a Kirkman, dated 1775, which was lent me. In 1908 I bought the harpsichord I now use in the *Beggar's Opera*, a beautifully preserved specimen of a Kirkman, dated 1789. Both these instruments were restored by Charles Hersant, who was at Broadwood's for thirty years, and is now working privately as a restorer of antique instruments.

The case of my harpsichord is mahogany, inlaid with satinwood and olivewood. It has the usual number of stops — machine, lute, octave, harp, buff, and unison — and formerly it had an imitation of the Shudi Venetian swell, which worked with the right foot. But it was a clumsy arrangement, since it lifted part of the lid up, and if great care were not taken it was easy to let it fall, and the result can be better imagined than described; it also looked very ugly. Anyway, I could make no effect with it, and so had it removed.

It is supposed to have belonged originally to Dr. Philip Hayes, who succeeded his father in 1777 as organist of Magdalen College, Oxford, and Professor of Music in the University. Dr. Hayes had the reputation of being one of the largest men in England. He is known chiefly for his Church music, but he composed music for masques, and one, 'The Maid of the Oaks,' was dedicated to the Duchess of Marlborough and performed at Blenheim in 1788. A minuet from this masque, called 'The Lady Elizabeth Spencer's Minuet,' is quite beautiful and a great favorite

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with our audiences; and when possible I accompany the dance on the harpsichord, which it suits perfectly.

During the run of the *Beggar's Opera,* the old instruments have aroused a great deal of interest, and hundreds of people have spoken to us and asked to look at them. It is curious how many people will call the harpsichord a spinet. One wonders if it is because the best spinets were made by English makers. Be that as it may, it is astonishing how few people, even musicians, know anything of the instruments which preceded the pianoforte.

The questions one is asked most frequently are: Is this a spinet? Which was made first — the virginal, spinet, or harpsichord? What touch do you use? What is the use of the two keyboards? How is the sound made? Is it a little hammer?

It is impossible to show the mechanism of the harpsichord in a few moments, and that is absolutely necessary in order to understand it, as the following anecdote will illustrate. Some years ago Ruskin went into the shop of the collector Taphouse, of Oxford, to ask for a copy of some comic songs by Jolly Nash, which were very popular at the time. Previous to that, Ruskin had written some scathing articles on the taste of the undergraduates in art, which Taphouse resented. So he at once said: 'Before I let you have them, I would like to know what you intend to do with them. If you mean to bring them forward as examples of the taste of the undergraduates in music, I will *not* let you have them.' Ruskin laughingly assured him this was not his intention; he was curious to see what the songs were like, as he could not understand why they were so popular.

This conversation led to a request from Ruskin to see the old keyboard-instruments which Taphouse possessed. In the room over the shop were a Shudi and Broadwood harpsichord, dated 1781; a Hitchcock spinet, dated 1749; and a celebrated clavichord by Hass, of Hamburg. These were kept side by side. Taphouse explained and showed the mechanism of each instrument. Ruskin was much interested and remarked that he had learned more in that short interview than from all the books he had read on the subject.

A harpsichord is a glorified spinet. It may easily be recognized, as it is like a harp couchant. The spinet is smaller and wing-shaped, with no stops or pedals, and only one keyboard. The virginal is smaller still and can be easily carried about. They are all 'plucked instruments.' The clavichord is quite different. When the key is depressed, a little tangent of metal pushes the string upwards, both 'making' the note and sounding it. It is the only keyboard-instrument amenable to the vibrato.

They were all made side by side, and, to prove that harpsichords were in use before Shakespeare's time, in the Privy Purse expenses of Henry VIII there is an entry: '1530 (April) — Item, the vj daye paied to William Lewes for 11 payer of Virginalls in one coffer with iiii stoppes. . . .' This is one of several entries. Orland Gibbons also proves that a harpsichord was then known, as the piece called the 'Queen's Command,' from *Parthenia,* is written for two keyboards. It is a brilliant little composition with long scale-passages for alternate hands — quite different from the contrapuntal style which one naturally associates with the Elizabethan school, and which is suited to the harpsichord.

As to touch, an equalized finger-touch with balanced arm is necessary. I am a follower of Ludwig Deppe, who was the originator of the weight touch, but he was extraordinarily particular about fingers. As he put it — 'the mighty rushing torrent is the fashion,

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but who can do the wimpling, dimpling streamlet?' The pedal, too — 'the lungs of the piano,' he called it. The more one plays the harpsichord, the more critical one is regarding the pedal.

The unprecedented success of the *Beggar's Opera* is due to the old tunes, which are in our blood. Clever as Mr. Gay's libretto is, if Dr. Pepusch had written the *tunes* it would not have had the same hold on the public. We owe him a debt of gratitude. Even in the Overture, the only number he wrote, he took for his theme 'The Happy Clown,' and, except a song by Purcell, a march by Handel, a snatch sung by Macheath, and Henry Carey's 'Sally in our Alley,' all is British folk-music, charmingly harmonized and orchestrated by Frederic Austin.

There are sixty-nine tunes in the *Beggar's Opera* and sixty-nine in *Polly*, the sequel to it. Many of the tunes are in *Playford's Dancing Master*, and with their original words and sung to the dance they are most attractive. The country dances from *Playford* were first revived by me in 1906, when 'All in a Garden Green,' 'Chelsey Reach,' 'Heartsease,' 'Sellinger's Round,' 'Dargason,' and 'Kemp's Jigg' were performed for the first time, as far as I know, for over two hundred years.

One never tires of the beautiful old tunes, which are accompanied by their equally beautiful dances, but the history of these would occupy many pages. They are slowly gaining in popularity. It is sixteen years since I gave the first performance of the dances of the suite — 'Allemande,' 'Sarabande,' 'Courante,' 'Chaconne,' and so forth; but, to paraphrase Mr. Gay, 'We did not take them up (as 't is the fashion) coolly and deliberately for honor or money, but we love them.'

The repertoire of 'broken music,' as it was formerly called (that is, a combination of different kinds of instruments), is very limited. Few are published. But the trios of Rameau, edited by Saint-Saëns, and the trios and sonatas of J. B. Loeillet are interesting and effective. All our other trios are in manuscript and especially arranged for us. For viola d'amore the sonatas of Ariosti are published, transcribed by Saint-George, also transcriptions by Waefelghem of Marin Marais, Martini, and Milandre. Apart from Bach, the repertoire for the gamba is also limited. There is the sonata of Henry Eccles, edited by Alfred Moffat, as well as much beautiful seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music by John Barrett, William Boyce, Arne, and others.

There is no doubt that the viols blend much better with the keyboard-instruments which preceded the pianoforte. It is said Purcell did not care for the viols, and wrote a sonata for the violin, now quite well known. All the editions of the Musical Antiquarian Society and the Purcell Society have the instrumental pieces in full score for the modern string-quartet — a great boon, as we can copy these charming excerpts and play them in their original form. The accompaniments to Bach's concertos are also written for string quartet or quintet, but in playing them with harpsichords we find it necessary to place the strings well behind the harpsichords, otherwise they would be too strong.

To conclude, I cannot do better than quote Sir Hubert Parry. 'All the Elizabethan and early Jacobean music, whether choral or instrumental, has a national and consistent flavor — whether it is the kindly subtlety of Byrd, the nobility and warmth of Orlando Gibbons, the geniality and humor of Morley, the tender sweetness of Dowland, or the fantastic ingenuity of John Bull, it always rings true and is the direct outcome of the national temperament.'

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WAGNER AND THE AUSTRIAN POLICE

From the *Arbeiter Zeitung, July* 13
(Vienna Conservative-Socialist Daily)

We all know how the Hapsburg Monarchy prided itself upon its patronage of art and letters. Richard Wagner is to be counted among the objects of this beneficent solicitude, though in a somewhat different way. His *Tristan* was composed under the protecting wing, so to speak, of the Vienna police authorities. The incident discloses a new and hitherto unknown chapter in the history of Austrian culture and art.

In 1849, after the failure of the May revolt in Dresden, Wagner escaped to Paris, and from there went to Zurich, pursued by a Saxon warrant charging him with 'direct participation in the revolutionary movement.' The Vienna police were immediately on the alert, and kept a secret agent on his track. This man shadowed Wagner at his Paris rendezvous, the German restaurant, Cuisine Viennoise, and followed him to Switzerland.

Letters recently published in the *Österreichische Rundschau* contain the details of this experience. They begin with an odd communication from the ex-revolutionist and later Honorary Colonel of the *Franz Joseph Sabel Regiment*, Dr. Alexander Bach, who wrote on January 25, 1851, to the City Governor of Prague: —

> A certain Wagner, who deeply compromised himself in the Dresden revolt . . . has been living in Zurich for about a year. He is reported as occupying the position of orchestra director in the Vienna Theatre there, and belongs to the more respectable and polished type of revolutionary refugee in Switzerland.

Bach then asked that Wagner's antecedents be looked up, for he apparently was born in Bohemia.

The City Governor replied that Wagner had no regular position in Zurich, but merely directed concerts and operas there from time to time, as a personal favor. Apparently that official had regular police-reports from the Swiss city. He knew nothing of Wagner's connection with Bohemia.

However, Bach was not satisfied. Apparently he had learned more about 'this Wagner' through his secret agent during the interval, for he informs the Austrian Foreign Minister that Wagner is engaged in active propaganda from Zurich: —

> The well-known composer, Richard Wagner, is equally implicated in this business. He was at one time intimate with Bakunin, and during his residence in Saxony was associated with the latter in stirring up a democratic agitation in Bohemia.

This report was promptly forwarded to the Austrian Ambassador at Berne.

Seven years passed. Wagner still lived in Zurich, supporting himself by his music. Much to their disgust, the Austrian secret agents discovered little to report concerning him. But the men at the head of the Government in Vienna continued to think of Wagner as a Dresden revolutionist, and they fairly trembled when they were notified by the Venice police that the composer had arrived in that city on August 30, 1858, 'for a sojourn of at least six months, and perhaps a year.'

On the heels of this dispatch, which is dated September 4, came another report written the following day by Franceschini, Chief of Police of Venice, to the Chief of the Imperial Police in Vienna, Freiherr von Kempen. Frances-

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chini seems to have sized up exactly the intelligence of his superiors in the Capital, for he starts out by instructing them who this dangerous Wagner really is. He writes: —

Wagner supported himself entirely by his music while residing in Zurich, and did not engage in political activity of any kind. His talents and productions as a composer, writer, and critic have given him an established reputation. He is already known as the creator of what is regarded as the coming school in music, and the leader of a new music and art movement. His opera, *Lohengrin*, was recently presented at the Court Theatre in Vienna, on August 18, 1858, where it received an enthusiastic reception; and his operas have gradually made their way into all parts of Germany, and have secured a permanent place in the repertoire of most court theatres. Many distinctions have been conferred upon their composer.

Franceschini then goes on to say that Wagner has come to Venice at the urgent advice of his physician, as his health is seriously undermined: —

As indicating his nervous state, let me mention that he found the color of the rug in his sleeping-chamber at Pallazzo Giustiniani a San Barbara not to his liking, and immediately on his arrival requested his landlord to let him get a rug of a more agreeable shade of red and have it put in that very day. He has instructed the servants not to let callers into the house.

Last of all, Franceschini lays stress on the fact that, in spite of his numerous acquaintances in all parts of Europe, Wagner received very few letters, and apparently 'had issued instructions to his correspondents not to trouble him with communications.'

The Venice Chief of Police could hardly have done more to convince his superiors in Vienna that the great musician was living in Venice as a musician and an invalid. But neither *Lohengrin* nor the state of Wagner's health made any appeal to Herr von Kempen. He wrote immediately, on September 6, 1858, to the Minister of Foreign Affairs: —

As is well known, Richard Wagner was one of the leaders of the May Revolution in Saxony. In addition to the objections that exist from the police point of view to the presence of this refugee in the Imperial Dominions, the Royal Saxon Government will be offended at our tolerating his sojourn in Austria.

Therefore he begs the Minister 'to be so condescending and courteous as to inform him of his personal opinion as to the procedure to be taken with regard to Richard Wagner, out of consideration for the Royal Saxon Government.' On September 9, Freiherr von Kempen ordered Franceschini to keep the 'political refugee in question' under strict police supervision so long as he was provisionally residing in Venice.

An interesting paragraph occurs in the reply of the Minister of Foreign Affairs to Kempen's communication: —

It is not impossible that the Saxon Government, in so far as it is concerned over the activities of this refugee, may prefer to have him in Austria where he can and will be subject to the strictest police supervision, rather than in Switzerland, where there will be no such control over him.

For this reason the Minister did not feel called upon to make further objection to Wagner's staying in Venice. Moved, however, by a second communication from Kempen, the Foreign Office instructed the Austrian Ambassador in Saxony to notify the Saxon Government confidentially of Wagner's arrival in Venice, and of the fact that he was carefully kept under the eye of the police in that city.

Reassuring reports continued to arrive from Venice. On September 18, Freiherr von Kempen was again informed that Wagner had come there solely on account of his health; that he met almost no one; that he had visited

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the theatre only twice, when Ristori made her first appearance as Mary Stuart, and when the opera *Semiramide* was presented.

But they were shrewder in Vienna. On October 1, 1858, the municipal authorities at Venice were notified:—

It must be acknowledged that the granting of a passport visé has made it possible for an individual to enter Austrian territory, whose residence in the Imperial Dominions is objectionable, both from our own point of view and out of consideration for the Royal Saxon Government, with which we enjoy amicable relations. Desirable as it is, therefore, in view of the antecedents of Richard Wagner, that he leave the Imperial Dominions immediately . . . nevertheless for humanitarian reasons I shall not issue definite instructions forbidding his remaining at Venice. None the less, I must impress upon our loyal city authorities there, that Wagner must not be permitted to remove to any other place in the Imperial territories. It is further our wish that the police authorities be definitely instructed to keep a close eye upon the condition of Wagner's health, and to arrange in some appropriate way for his leaving Venice and the Austrian Dominions as soon as he is better.

Since Herr von Kempen, as he suggests elsewhere in the same letter, was not fully convinced that Wagner's sole object in visiting Venice was to recover his health, it certainly was a proof of superabundant humanity on his part that he did not immediately ship 'the well-known composer' back to Switzerland. Eventually that happened, in spite of the fact that Chief of Police Franceschini presented exhaustive evidence in letters written on December 26, 1858, and January 25, 1859, that Wagner was not a dangerous person. The first letter reported that Wagner had developed erysipelas in one foot. The second letter reported:—

The well-known composer, Mr. Richard Wagner, has recovered some weeks ago from the foot malady that confined him to his room. He is now to be observed from time to time about midday, when the weather is good, walking along the Riva degli Schiavone. He still lives in great retirement, and works several hours every day upon his new opera (*Tristan*). He receives very few visitors. This new opera (*Tristan*) was submitted a few weeks ago to the Archduchess of Baden, who accepted its dedication and highly complimented the composer. The Archduke himself sent Wagner a letter in his own handwriting.

After describing further how Wagner had refused an invitation to deliver a lecture at Trieste, because his pass was viséed only for Venice, Franceschini continues:—

Your obedient police officials feel it their duty to bring these facts to the knowledge of their distinguished superiors, and to express an opinion as to how your eminent instructions of December 22, 1858, to require the said Mr. Wagner to leave the territories of the Imperial Dominions as soon as possible, may be carried out. Believing that some consideration should be shown for his eminence and fame, we propose to notify him to appear before us and to point out in a friendly manner the desirability of his departure, reserving a formal order to that effect for the case that he prove obstinate.

Two letters conclude this correspondence. We give them in full. The first is from the Municipal Government of Venice to the Chief of the Imperial Police:—

VENICE, *January* 30, 1859.

Whereas the police authorities report that the well-known Saxon refugee, Richard Wagner, has so far recovered that he can travel without serious risk to his health, I instruct you to have a representative of the police notify him graciously that his departure from Venice and from the Imperial Dominions is desired.

Last of all, Freiherr von Kempen writes to the Minister of Foreign Affairs:—

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VIENNA, *April* 2, 1859.

Richard Wagner left Venice on March 25 for Lucerne.

Thus were our Imperial Territories freed of the 'Saxon refugee.' Our Foreign Office received this comforting news on the eve of our conflict with France. The incident throws a high light upon both the broad statesmanship and the cultivated appreciation of art and artists that characterized the nation's rulers.

Before and during the war, our writers and journalists eagerly tried to prove that Austria had evolved a distinct art-culture, separate from that of the rest of the German people. And they ranked among her great musicians not only the Rhinelander, Beethoven, and the North German, Brahms, but also Wagner, who was classed among 'Austrian composers.' And indeed, we see that he did receive distinguished attention in our country, especially during his sojourn in Venice, while composing his great masterpiece, *Tristan*.

SWINBURNE AND CONTEMPORARY ENGLAND

BY PAUL DE REUL

[*Professor Paul de Reul, of the University of Brussels, has recently published an exhaustive monograph, entitled* L'Œuvre de Swinburne, *a book which may eventually come to be regarded as the most authoritative on the subject. The present article constitutes its introductory chapter.*]

THE last of the great English lyric poets died in 1909, after half a century of ardent labor, but his forty volumes of poetry and prose still await an understanding study, and until the last few years even his life has lacked an historian.

Swinburne achieved, first success, then scandal, and finally the lively admiration of a chosen few; but he was never regarded as a national glory. In 1917 there appeared, from the pen of Edmund Gosse, one of those detailed biographies that English custom devotes, even during their lifetime, to the most insignificant individuals; and in the same year was also printed a picturesque personification of the man himself, completing the published letters, by Mrs. Disney Leith, the cousin of the poet. In the following year biographies were written by Messrs. Gosse and Wise, and by Messrs. Hake and Rickett.

The present work, I believe, is the most complete study of Swinburne. A personal investigation that relies little on earlier works, it is addressed to the French-speaking public, but it does not despair of finding readers in England, and even of setting right some failures in comprehension among critics on the other side of the Channel. Perhaps we who stand at some little distance from our subject can discern its main outlines better than they who are too close and who see it in too intimate detail.

We need pay heed neither to artistic readers nor to that ignorant herd who, without troubling to read Swinburne, were classifying him, not long since, as

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an immoral author, a republican, an atheist. There are genuinely literary men who, though they are superior to such prejudice, nevertheless entertain toward this poet a feeling of reserve, a certain uneasiness, judging him a little 'un-English,' even while they do homage to the artist and to his genius for invention in words and rhythm. These critics find fault with the weakness of Swinburne as a thinker, never guessing that the author of *Poems and Ballads* and *Songs before Sunrise* in his own time and in his own country was both an intellectual and a moral leaven.

To call Swinburne hardly English is to diminish the glory of English culture, to restrict it to certain of its aspects only, and to say to it: 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further.' It is to imprison culture in a Puritan tradition of the middle class, which is certainly as powerful, as tyrannical, and as intolerant as the classic tradition in France; but which there will always be geniuses with the strength and the will to break.

Taine and, after him, M. Chevrillon and M. Cazamian trace a series of living links from the England of tradition back to its Puritan sources. Contempt for logic, respect for beliefs and the established order of things, distrust of pure ideas and 'dangerous' conclusions that disturb the settled calm, the domination of the moral ideal, glorification of energy — these are some of the social characteristics of 'Victorian' England, which one finds in an eloquent form in Carlyle, in a brutal form in Kipling, and in a tender and charming form in Tennyson.

It is the long-established prestige of the last of these that explains the coldness and even the hostility that — outside of a not very extensive band of the chosen few — Swinburne encountered in his first attempts. In his youth, even Tennyson had had his audacities: in 1830 he writes of the Poet in his poem of that name that 'rites and forms before his burning eyes melted like snow.' 'Fatima' (1832), a love poem inspired by Sappho, exceeded the 'proper setting' in its feeling, and the best critics found fault with it; on one last occasion he offended — in 'Maud,' which was regarded in 1842 as being 'morbid' or too passionate. But he adapted himself speedily, conformed to his surroundings, and then, spoiled by his public, proceeded to spoil it, in turn, by training it to seek in the Laureate its own embellished image and its own prejudices idealized. In politics, Tennyson expressed the taste for organic development, the horror of swift changes, the poetry of conservatism, the theory of which had been set up by Burke. He brings to the support of the status quo the cool judgment of historic truth; he criticizes the hysteria of the Celt, the 'red furies of the Seine,' and boasts of 'a loyal past under moderate kings,' and a wise liberty that 'broadens down from precedent to precedent.'

In religion a Christian, like his contemporary Browning, — though of a broadened Christianity that had read Newman and Maurice and had compared the different theologies, — he believes in personal immortality, doubts whether a materialist can be moral, but rejects the doctrine of eternal punishment. A pantheist in certain moods, he has but a superficial vision, which does not venture so far as to transform nature or to bestow a soul upon that English landscape which he has painted so beautifully. Conciliatory and reasonable above all things, he everywhere adopts the intermediate view, and rejects 'the falsehood of extremes.'

Surely Swinburne, the defender of art for art's sake, the enemy of priests and kings, clashes violently with the England of Tennyson. Is he equally opposed to the age of Shakespeare, to

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the republic of Milton, to Shelley's England, or even to the England of the present day, which needs the light so badly?

Taine's exaggerated picture has grown out of date, so that the society of the present day can only partly recognize it. The reign of Tennyson is over. The old moral equilibrium broke down in a crisis, the symptoms of which at the beginning of the twentieth century were the diminishing popularity of Kipling, H. G. Wells's clear criticisms, Bernard Shaw's paradoxical plays, and the whole political and social process that M. Cazamian calls 'a passage from instinctive adaptations to deliberate adaptations.'

In the new England that has emerged from the war, Swinburne seems less and less 'out of the picture.' Himself a product of his reading and his aspirations, — who knew how, even in 1860, to stand out against public opinion and the pressure of family affection, against the most tyrannical influences, in order that he might follow Truth alone, instinctively resisting the conventions that to-day are being systematically undermined, — he drew to him, through space and time, a chosen group: Shelley, Landor, Hugo, Mazzini.

Devoted to France, whose flexible intelligence and critical eagerness, whose 'faith in light and motion,' he praised, Swinburne deserves in this respect a place with Matthew Arnold, Meredith, Samuel Butler, John Morley, and all those who have led their countrymen toward greater independence and a stricter intellectuality. Not that Swinburne consciously gave himself over to an effort to awaken men's minds as did Meredith, who cried, 'More brain, O Lord, more brain!' A lyric poet, intoxicated with the Ideal, he followed wherever the light within him led, and then returned to earth, amazed at the results he had produced. He had the effect of a stimulant, the effect of a wind that shakes and buffets. By the scandal that he stirred up, he forced criticism to call in question the principles that he attacked, whether to condemn or to absolve them. Sometimes he explained himself after he had delivered his blow, as in his critical essays; and then his readers found that his revolt was profound, sincere, disinterested; that it did not spring from romantic pride but from a respect for ideas and a love of them. An uncompromising artist, he shocked the middle-class conventions with his *Poems and Ballads*, and made a notable explanation of his position in his book on Blake. . . .

He insisted that the men who consented to limit themselves in order to bring their feeling down to the commonplace level, to mingle with their natural fruits the condiments that render them agreeable to the palate of common opinion, deserve nothing but contempt.

Fifty years afterward, the publication of *Poems and Ballads* stands as a decisive moment in the history of English manners. For the moment we shall not inquire into the reasons that led the public to take offense; we need but point out that in this conflict the author was victorious, that the book appeared without excisions, and that no one to-day dreams of protesting. It is impossible to exaggerate the significance of this infraction in the 'age of crinoline' and of the idyllic poem.

Mr. Gosse's book, full of anecdotes as it is, gives us an indirect insight into the manners of the 'Victorian' days, a mingling of modesty, of prudence, and of insincerity. Sir Walter Trevelyan, the geologist, threw into the fire a novel by Balzac that Swinburne had given to his wife. In 1862, when the poet was reading his *Noyades* to Thackeray and his two daughters, to an archbishop of literary eminence, and to

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the critic, Lord Houghton, embarrassed laughter rose, and it was a relief when the butler put an end to this painful scene. These same people read the Bible without being shocked, because they gave religious truth the respect that they denied to beauty. In 1882, the critic Watts-Dunton, the poet's great friend, advised him to slip his poem 'Tristram of Lyonesse,' 'on account of the love scenes,' into a big volume of poems that also contained cradle-songs. Watts-Dunton, for once more timid than the public, did not realize what a change had come about.

Ever since the publication of *Poems and Ballads*, says M. Cazamian, 'distrust of the shackles that bound art, hand and foot, never ceased to run like a vein of revolution throughout British literature.' These poems opened the breach through which, since then, have passed many works that are quite as far removed as these were from the traditional preferences of the public for 'sentimentality and moral intentions.' We may be excused for quoting the lines in which we ourselves have previously described this change:—

For forty years the public rested gently cradled in the sleep of the idyl. No music was heard save with muted strings. The English Parnassus became a park with well-kept walks and irreproachable lawns on which, at the very utmost, a hedge of hawthorn was permitted here and there. The passions seemed as inoffensive as tame deer. Tennyson, the head gardener of this idyllic school, was able to repress in himself, without effort and without hypocrisy, every instinct, every desire, every mood, that was not in accord with his audience. Caressing the strings of his lyre, he expressed with faultless touch the sentiments of middle-class England, and clothed them with such harmony and such charming diction that no one noticed how threadbare and conventional they had become. His title as Laureate suited him to perfection, for he incarnated the type of 'perfect gentleman' with so much modest grace and pride that the provincial limitations of the type were not apparent. Tennyson represented the domestic Englishman just as Rudyard Kipling was later to represent the Englishman who founds empires.

It is a glory of middle-class society to have produced a Tennyson, but it is no less glorious for English individualism to have given rise at the proper moment to another poet, who developed this individualistic ideal, ridiculed the old comfortable morality, threw off the yoke of quiet custom, gathered up in poetry outcry, revolt, blasphemy, the rooted trouble of the passions, and yet at the same time heeded the loftiest aspirations and dreams of humanity — a poet of vast sympathy, so that his patriotism did not prevent his taking interest in the political struggles of France and Italy; a poet who revolted against moral tyrannies, and who denied that British liberty was all the liberty accorded to mankind. Such a poet was Swinburne, and though we may not wish that all English poets should resemble him, we know that he had a worthy rôle to play, in affirming anew, forty years after Byron and Shelley, the freedom of the English muse.

It was the artistic conscience, above everything else, that Swinburne liberated — by example in his own poems, and by his theories in his *Notes on Poems and Critics*, and in his *Blake*, where in broad and moderate fashion he definitely defends the autonomy of art. But there was still more. In *Songs before Sunrise* the artist became a prophet. He perpetuated the revolutionary idealism of the Europe of '48, amid an age that prided itself on being practical, positive, evolutionary. He denounced the 'monarchical superstition.' Even this is not all. Liberty became in his eyes a metaphysical principle synonymous with the soul or with God. An 'antitheist,' he asserted that to worship a personal God who punishes the innocent with the guilty is to worship injustice. That exasperated both the practical and the pious.

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With a respect which he often reasserted for the person and the morals of Christ, Swinburne offers the singular spectacle of an English poet wholly detached from Christianity, without regret, without desire to return to the fold, feeling himself an outsider, without that tenderness for the religion of their childhood that such poets of doubt as Clough and Matthew Arnold cherished, and equally without the æsthetic, mediævalizing piety of a Dante Gabriel Rossetti. He held aloof from Carlyle's pragmatism, which urged the 'fertile error,' the favorable illusion, and, while commending righteousness, treated the existing faiths as if they were to have no end. For, as Swinburne wrote, —

Our hopes are higher,
And higher than yours the goal of our desire,
Though high your ends be as your hearts are great.
Your world of gods and kings, of shrine and state,
Was of the night when hope and fear stood nigher,
Wherein men walked by light of stars and fire
Till man by day stood equal with his fate.
Honor, not hate, we give you, love, not fear,
Last prophets of past kind, who fill the dome
Of great dead gods with wrath and wail, nor hear
Time's word and man's: 'Go honored hence, go home,
Night's childless children; here your hour is done;
Pass with the stars and leave us with the sun.'

He criticizes the morality of Carlyle and his principle of submission to the duty lying next at hand, attacking both him and Ruskin in a pamphlet which opposes their gospel of obedience. In religion, morals, and politics, Swinburne defies the national love for arrangement and half measures, and he parodies the conservative spirit.

In his essays he ridicules those moderate souls 'whose name is Reason, whose forename is Interest,' who will receive the truth only as it is measured out and made proportional to their needs, who try to show that a truth approaches error by being too true, that in seeking the ideal one is pursuing but a chimera, and that by dint of much thinking one becomes a mere dreamer. These people, he says, tell us that 'there is always some little admixture of positive right in actual fact, some little residue of good discoverable in all evil, which it should be your business to seek out. It is better to look for the real than the true; the reality will help you to live, the truth will be the ruin of you; the reality is afraid of the truth. A man's duty is just to make use of facts; you (says the voice of good counsel) have read it wrong: you are like a man who would take a star out of heaven to light him when a candle would serve better to see the way by.'

To which the poet replies: 'But there must be somebody on the side of the stars! Somebody to stand up for brotherhood, for mercy, for honor, for right, for freedom, and for the solemn splendor of absolute truth. With all their sublimity and serenity, flowers as they are of summer everlasting, the shining constellations have need that the world they guide shall bear them witness that they shine, and some man's voice be raised in every age to reassure his brothers by such cry of testimony uttered across the night; for nothing would be so terrible as an ultimate equality of good and evil, of light and darkness, in sight of the supreme and infinite unknown world.'

He saw clearly that practical wisdom, in doing away with the inevitable conclusions of logic in the name of a 'sense of life,' would end in routine and in pharisaism. His intellectual 'message,' therefore, is a moral message, a lesson in courage and sincerity.

The hostility that he roused is proof sufficient that he came at the right time, or was a little ahead of it. An age that delights in such hybrid systems as the æsthetic theology of a Ruskin must by its conservative instinct deny in Swin-

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burne a system of thought that troubled its own ways of thinking. A society that swallowed up morality in the education of the will, that turned the moralist into a master of energy, cannot acclaim the advocate of loyalty. What is immoral in Wordsworth, according to Swinburne, is that he is a great poet and yet for all that a moral philistine. What is wholesome in Swinburne, let us say in our turn, is that he is a great poet and a free thinker.

Yet, for all that, the England of today hesitates to recognize him as its forerunner, even though it is hard to think of him otherwise if we compare the ideas of H. G. Wells, for example, in *God the Invisible King* with certain ideas of Swinburne's. Modern England smiles at his romantic exaggerations, at his outbursts against monarchs, whether priest or king, as if a degree of exaggeration were not always permitted to prophets, and as if we had not seen, since Swinburne died, a monarch who menaced the peace of peoples and cults that shackled thought!

This rather disdainful attitude toward Swinburne is partly the disguise of ancient prejudice, shadows wafted down from the Victorian epoch, and partly due to the fact that the manner of the poet, though not his fundamental ideas, ill accords with the modern mood. His lofty realism lacks the tone that endures and that persuades a rather dissatisfied and disturbed generation, clumsy in analysis and criticism. Viewed in this light, it is true, his work was less a point of departure than the end of a movement, the last stirring of Romanticism. Under his iconoclastic ardor and his humanitarian fervor, one can detect accents that are familiar, but accents also that one cannot call 'old-fashioned,' if one only feels, besides the formulas that belong to a past generation, the mystic fire, the tone, the flame, that cannot grow old.

Hitherto we have regarded the public as the sole cause of Swinburne's relative unpopularity. It is time to point out the faults of the poet — his excess of words, his abuse of a prodigious faculty of expression. It seems as though this man had too many words to be able to say anything! This is the fault of his overmastering power. In his gift for creating together both form and idea, for discovering a sonorous phrase for every sensation, for mingling without ceasing and without clash the twin springs of sense and word, Swinburne has no companion in literature save Victor Hugo. Less rich in words and images, he nevertheless surpasses Hugo in the invention of rhythms.

Both these two poets were sometimes betrayed by their absolute command of language. Among the ready phrases that sprang forward in too great number at their call, these magicians exercised no severe choice. The words they thought to master, mastered them and, put together according to outer relationships, no longer merely corresponded to the idea but altered or replaced it. Their work is unequal. One does not find feeble or mediocre verses, but one does find tedious passages, weakened reminiscences, none the less dazzling, and so close to the best work of the poet that they barely miss outdoing their own original models. A facility — which one poet displays more proudly and the other employs more impulsively and unconsciously — prevents their distinguishing between the moments of true inspiration in themselves and periods of mere superficial stimulation.

It was unfortunate for Swinburne's fame that his faults were accentuated at a time when his revolutionary faith was tempered by patriotism, and when he was growing to be morally closer to those of his readers who, as they gained

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light, were more and more able to understand and appreciate him.

Posterity gathers only the best fruits of a poet and does not ask after the time when they were produced; but contemporaries have not the same custom, and Swinburne sometimes seemed to the readers of his time a repetitious writer. It has been said that his best work was done before he was thirty-five, in *Atalanta*, *Poems and Ballads*, and *Songs Before Sunrise*. These three books, different as they are, suffice for his glory, but we must prolong his period of ascendancy as far as 1882 to include the new *Poems and Ballads*, the trilogy on Mary Stuart, and above all one of his masterpieces, *Tristram of Lyonesse*. Past his fiftieth year, the poet was still creating strong and charming works, some of which, *A Nympholept* and the *Tale of Balen*, in 1894, sound a new note; but at the same time he was multiplying the secondhand work, the variations on earlier themes, which explain the too dogmatic opinion of Coventry Patmore that there is 'a disproportion between his power of saying things and the things he has to say.' . . .

The poetry of Swinburne is song. With lyrics, the shortest way is not always the best. Brevity sometimes bears witness only to lack of power. Words, though they add nothing to logical expression, sometimes translate a lofty height of feeling and bear out its flight to the end. In some of his humanitarian and patriotic poems, Swinburne is eloquent because the themes he sings are in themselves of such a nature that they set all hearts vibrating. Sometimes, in song or ballad, where refrains and repetitions are employed, his very richness renders in verse the fullness of a sad or joyous heart, or else the haunting impression that overwhelms him communicates itself to him in wave succeeding wave.

The means that rhetoric enumerates are not enough to classify a writer. We must know whether they are artificial or spontaneous, whether the poet looks within himself to an ideal or outside himself to a listener. Victor Hugo sometimes confused eloquence with poetry, but Swinburne's originality inclined him rather toward music. With the gesture of a sovereign, Hugo spoke to Paris, to France, to the universe; he projected his ideas, casting every one into a higher degree of relief and clarity. Swinburne, who breathed his out, surrounded himself with fumes like a sibyl. Let us pardon the intoxication of the prophet. Swinburne's musical amplification recalls that of the Hebrews, whose style was his natural heritage.

In comparison with Hugo the most modest and impersonal of poets, Swinburne was consumed, with an ardor that burned him, by the love of what he described. He gave himself and never named himself, and he became, to use a phrase of Tennyson's, 'a reed through which all things blow into music.'

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THE RELIGION OF MY BOYHOOD

BY MILAN OGRIZOVIĆ

[*Milan Ogrizović is a popular Croatian writer, whose humorous stories are widely read among his countrymen; but he is capable of something more than humor. In this autobiographical study, taken from his collection of sketches,* Tajna Vrata (*Secret Doors*), *he searches the heart of youth. Another of his stories, 'Two Churches,' appeared in the* Living Age *of April 22.*]

My late uncle was pastor in the village of Zadolje, in Krajina, near the Bosnian border. With him I spent the years of my boyhood, and he was the first to teach me that there was a God, that He was invisible, but that now and then He came to dwell among his people. This he preached before the altar, but I could not clearly conceive what he meant. Sometimes I used to think that I might at any moment behold God's appearance on the altar. Perhaps He would come from behind the statue of the patron saint; probably I should some day behold Him in my uncle's orchard; or perchance God might loom up at dusk from behind a moonlit cloud, hovering above the dark outline of the mountains.

One night, I remember, I could not sleep and went to the window, where I knelt on a chair and there for a long while prayed to God, begging Him to show Himself to me. My eyes lingered on a huge mass of clouds, which I thought an ideal scene for the event. I had read in the Bible that God had shown Himself to Moses, to Saul, and to Saint Paul; but He would not answer my prayers that night. I remember that I returned to bed expecting to see God in my sleep; but again I was disappointed.

I wanted to ask uncle to enlighten me; but — God forgive me — he was a peculiar old man. He was usually melancholy, often very gloomy and ill-humored, only seldom speaking to me; and on occasions when he did I never dared to question his word for fear I should send him into a fit of anger. I never dared to ask him anything; much less to seek for light on God.

Then something happened. It was not granted me to see God face to face; but the incident gave me an understanding of what uncle had meant when he preached in church the truth that God on occasions came to dwell in and among the people; and I ceased to sit by the window in the evenings expecting to see God appear from behind the clouds above the mountain. Instead, I have been trying ever since to see God in the eyes of people; and now and then I find Him there — a faint reflection of a great light.

It was in the years of my boyhood in Krajina, near the Bosnian border, that I first saw the reflection.

On a rainy day in autumn a peasant's carriage halted in front of my uncle's house. The horses had been barely able to make the grade, and they were steaming and panting as they stood there. The peasant alighted from the vehicle, covered his horses with a few empty sacks, and gave them some hay from another sack. This done, he shook himself clear of rain and hay, adjusted his clothing, removed his hat, and then respectfully proceeded to the rectory door.

It had ceased raining and I had left the house to see if a pear or an apple

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had fallen from the trees during the downpour, fearing that someone else might come along and see it first. Close to the house was an old pear tree — moss covered its trunk and branches —that yielded every year an abundance of fruit. As it had rained hard, the ground under the tree was literally strewn with pears. They were wet, and some were badly crushed by their fall; but nevertheless I filled my pockets and the bosom of my shirt with them, and fell to munching the best of them then and there.

The peasant, I thought, must surely have come to take uncle to some sick parishioner. He always had many calls from all the ends and corners of his parish, from the distant hamlets in the mountains as well as from our village. Rainy weather in autumn always seriously affected the people's health. These calls angered uncle, for often they sent for him in cases of slight sickness; but he went every time, and occasionally he took me along. Would he let me accompany him to-day, I wondered. Of course, I wanted to go, but dared not ask him for the privilege, fearing he might scold me for bothering him. I used to think I helped him a great deal by carrying the little container with the holy oil and by tinkling the bells when nearing and passing through the villages. But it was only occasionally that he permitted me to join him. Whenever a call came, I always placed myself where he could readily see me. Frequently, if he was in an ill humor, he would not so much as glance at me, but would take the holy oil and the bells and tinkle them himself, or would tell the driver of the carriage to do that for him, leaving me behind in disappointment and despair.

There, under the pear tree, I waited and wondered until suddenly I heard my uncle's gruff voice calling me. I got rid of most of my pears hurriedly, and the next moment stood in the doorway of his study, at a distance from the peasant who was standing respectfully, hat in hand. Uncle bade me wait while he was looking through an ancient-looking, worn register of the souls in his charge. I recognized the register as that of the village of Maljevac, and silently rejoiced. We should go to Maljevac, a remote village in our parish. That meant a ride of an hour and a half each way.

'Who is this Lulich?' Uncle turned to the peasant, plainly displeased.

'Kata — Kata Lulich, *gospodine*.'

'Kata? Which Kata is that?' grumbled uncle. 'There are three Katas.'

'The one who is sick is my sister-in-law. Her husband was late Marko — you knew him, gospodine. She has been sick for the past year and is now holding on to life by a mere thread. So I decided to harness my horses and —'

'All right, that's enough,' uncle harshly interjected. 'Marko's wife, eh? Why did n't you tell me so in the first place. Ah-ha, here she is — Kata Markova Lulich, born in the year of 1882, married in Markovac. Is that right?'

'Yes, gospodine.'

'*Hajde*, get ready!' Uncle then turned to me, closing the register. And to peasant Joso: 'Are your horses able?'

'Yes, gospodine, able,' answered Joso. 'They have rested some in Zečjak during that hard downpour and, besides, it's downhill most of the way.'

Uncle went to the window and observed that the clouds were breaking up; he then took off his house coat. Joso had left the room and I, finding my cloak, followed him.

We had two sextons, but it never even occurred to me to call one of them, for I understood everything and could handle things as well as they. As soon as I had learned how to read, I had become an altar boy. For years I had

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attended mass — winter and summer, week days and Sundays. No one was baptized or buried without me. I knew where things were kept in the church and in the sacristy better than the sextons themselves. I knew by heart all the responses at mass and prayer meetings, in both Croatian and Latin.

So I had no difficulty in getting things together for this call from Maljevac. I got out the holy oil and the bells, also uncle's vestments, stola, quadrate hat, and the ciborium. When uncle entered the sacristy, everything was ready, and without saying a word he robed himself. Then he went to the main altar.

Inside, the church was stifling and dark. Under the ceiling and among the candelabra were a number of sparrows, flying about and twittering. They had come in through the broken window, seeking refuge from the rain and the wind. Otherwise, a hollow, oppressive quiet overhung the church. Uncle was as ill-humored as usual and I was anxious to acquit myself satisfactorily, fearing that, if I should blunder in anything, he would leave me home.

I knelt down and he ascended to the altar, there lowering one knee to the floor, and taking one *hostija*, which he placed in the ciborium. The ciborium he hung from his neck, again bent his knee, and turning about he blessed me. Now I began tinkling the bells and we started out, I in the lead, through the sacristy, where uncle donned his overcoat and where I took the bag with holy oil.

As we emerged from the church, I began to ring the bells louder, happy in the thought that they would be heard throughout the whole of the village. A deep hush had settled on everything. They would all hear me tinkling the bells and they would know that we — uncle and I — were going to a sick person. It is hard for me to describe the happiness and the pleasant self-importance that I felt, tinkling those bells. I thought that all the people coming from the houses were gaping at me. A group of women who were going for water — the well was across the way from the rectory — managed to find dry spots under the trees and knelt down, clasping their hands over the huge pitchers. Uncle blessed them in a matter-of-fact way, while I untiringly tinkled the bells. The women made the sign of the cross and then proceeded to the well.

The carriage moved out. I sat on a wide sack of hay in front, with Joso; but instead of facing toward the horses, I was turned to uncle, who sat in the rear in a basket full of straw covered up with empty sacks. I tinkled the bells energetically, determined to make them heard above the rattling of the wheels on the gravel. People were coming out to kneel by the roadside — mostly women and children. I sat majestically on that sack of hay, shaking the bells with my right hand and with the left desperately holding on to the side of the carriage. Uncle was blessing people right and left as we rolled along.

Coming to the cemetery, I took the bells into my left hand and with the right crossed myself, just in front of the little chapel. Uncle signaled me to cease ringing and I dropped the bells into the hay. We had left our village behind and it was some distance to the next.

I looked at uncle. He was holding the Host and praying. His eyes were closed; I would have thought he was asleep, if his lips were not moving. I observed no gloom in his face, nor a trace of the forbidding ill-humor that usually dominated his countenance. For once, I was not afraid of him. The gray clouds above were breaking up, dragging themselves across the firmament into the background of a moun-

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tain,— the very mountain that was our destination,— revealing an expanse of clear and mellow blue. The horses often fell into a walk and Joso often flung the whip across their backs or snapped the reins.

Passing through Zečjak, I again tinkled the bells and people came from the houses and knelt by the side of the road to be blessed. Some were trying to communicate with Joso. 'Where are you taking them? Where to?' they asked him, but Joso would not tell them.

At last we reached the first house in the village of Maljevac. I bent down, found the bells, and once more began shaking them. In front of the third or the fourth house, Joso halted the horses. Out came a group of people, and a few of them helped us off the vehicle; the others knelt on the gravel along the wall. We ascended a few squeaky, wormeaten steps and entered, the crowd of villagers following us.

Inside, we saw an old woman lying on a straw mattress. She looked extremely tired and very thin. Poverty and misery were in evidence all about her. She lay under the same ceiling as the cows; in fact, only a partition of a couple of boards prevented the animals from having access to the woman's end of the hut. The cows were calmly eating from the crib and between them stood a frightened little calf.

As we entered, the woman lifted herself on her elbows for a moment, then dropped to the mattress. The blanket covering her was clean — they must have borrowed it somewhere for the occasion, I thought. Uncle first said a short prayer which I cut off with a sharp 'Amen,' as loud as I could, thereby turning the attention of the crowd on myself for a few moments. That pleased me exceedingly.

They told uncle that the woman was slightly deaf and that, when taking her confession, he would have to talk louder than he would have to to another person. Then, with a gesture of his hand, uncle ordered us outside. As soon as we got out, I became the centre of attraction. All eyes were turned upon me, and I, standing aloof, could hear people say: 'He, too, will be a priest.' But I pretended to pay no attention to them. A group of children gathered about me and began to stare at me, but I barely glanced at them, not so much as saying a word to them; they were beneath me, I thought. Men and women spoke of the sick woman inside. She might die that night, they thought; there was nothing but skin and bone left of her.

Then I caught voices from within:

'Did you ever steal?' I heard uncle ask her.

'Ah? How?' Her voice was faintly shrill, barely audible.

'Steal — did you ever?' said uncle louder.

'No — oh, no!'

That was a long confession. When the crowd of people and I reëntered, the woman lay there motionless, very peaceful, a soft expression on her face, her eyes closed — not a trace of suffering. She was breathing lightly, easily.

We knelt down, I in front of the crowd, near uncle. By my side knelt a large woman holding a baby in her arms. The baby began to cry, but she managed to quiet it. I was thoughtfully regarding the woman on the mattress. So peaceful she was — ready — waiting —

'In the name of the Lord,' began uncle. I could hardly believe my ears; his voice was clear, musical, mild, atremble.

I was still looking at the woman. A strange, tight feeling gripped me. That self-importance, which had control of my actions and manners, had left me. 'So this is death!' I thought,

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and that strange feeling tightened its grip on me.

'Lord, hear our prayers! . . . Let us pray!'

Uncle prayed. Then he took the ciborium and I tinkled the bells three times, after which he administered the Holy Communion to the woman.

I shall never forget that woman's face. It radiated a wonderful light; a tear glistened in her eyes. I gazed at her face as I had gazed at the mass of clouds hovering above the mountain range. I did n't see God, but I felt He was there, that He dwelt in that sick woman, that He had come into me and into uncle and into all those men, women, and children about us. I turned and saw a remarkable change in the faces of the two cows and the little calf. Uncle — my gloomy, ill-humored old uncle — was startlingly different. What was that, if not God? I wanted to cry from happiness.

But this lasted for only a few moments. People began to rise; uncle said another short prayer, administered the holy oil, removed the stola and the vestments, got his hat out of the bag, and saying 'God be with you!' to the poor woman, we left the house. Outside uncle lighted a cigar and began to talk with the villagers. His face was again screwed into that old unkindly expression. How I wished that that unprecedented, beautiful radiance, that kindliness might continue to grace his face! Whither had that radiance vanished? That divine reflection, that light — where had it gone?

Uncle conversed with the villagers as though nothing had happened. They spoke about the woman. They thought she would not see another day. They made arrangements for her funeral. Presently the conversation changed to the weather. Would it rain some more? And how were crops? We might have a severe winter, and this and that. Uncle excused himself, saying that it was growing late and that there was a ride yet before us.

But what had happened to that reflection of God? Was I the only one conscious of His presence — I and the poor woman lying on the mattress?

We were returning home. Now I did not sit with Joso but with uncle in the rear of the carriage. He had once explained to me that when he was carrying the Host, I must not sit by his side, but going back — that was different. I said nothing. I was afraid that if I asked him something, I might annoy him. Besides, I had no desire to talk to him. I was thinking of the woman, the fairness of her face, and of God. Then suddenly, puffing out a cloud of cigar smoke, he began to shake with laughter. I did n't dare to ask what he was laughing about.

'You know what I just thought of?' He turned to me, still laughing.

'What?'

'A friend of mine, who is pastor in Podgorje. A great jester! I thought of something he once told me. Well, he was riding home from a call, just as we are now, and passing through a village, a group of children came out to kneel by the roadside, so that he would bless them as he had done when going the other way an hour before. But, you see, he was going back and smoking a pipe, as I am now smoking a cigar. So what could he do? Well, he — ho, ho, ho — he blessed them with his — pipe!'

'Ha, ha,' I laughed, but I was forcing myself to laughter. At the same time, my thoughts were still with the dying woman. Had that been God? When I had first seen her, she had been tired, suffering, miserable. After the ceremonies, she lay there wholly at peace. Was that God?

Then I thought of what I overheard during the confession.

'I heard what the woman told you

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— that she had never stolen,' I said to uncle, the next instant bitterly regretting that I had mentioned it.

'What!' he exclaimed, and the look in his eyes terrified me. 'Have n't I told you more than once that confessions are secret; that if one happens to overhear something, one must pretend he has n't heard anything? And now you even talk about it, you clodpate!'

Another strange feeling was gripping my soul. I moved away from him as far as the basket, in which we sat, would permit. I remember that a tear slid down my cheek and that I quickly wiped it away. Was this the same uncle of a short while before? Does God come into one only for a few moments? Had that really been God?

We did not speak another word until we reached home.

IN THE FIELDS

BY NANCY CUNARD

[*Saturday Review*]

In the fields
When the first fires of the nightly diamonds are lit,
When the stir of the green corn is smoothed and silent,
And the plover circling at peace like a thought in a dream,
I think of you —
Finger the last words you have added to my rosary.
On a white road
High noon and midsummer witness my love of you
Grown as a firm tree,
Rich, upright, full-hearted, generously spreading
Long shadows on the resting-place of our future days.
In a town
I meet many with the thought of you in my heart,
Your smile on my lips,
I greet many
With the love that I have gathered at your fountains,
Drawn from your happy wells
In that far horizon my eyes shall ever see.
I go to the feasts adorned
In a scarlet vestment,
Bejeweled and hung with many trappings —
Under these
Burns the still flame that alone your hands may touch.

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A PROPHET OF CATASTROPHE

BY HERMANN HESSE

From the *English Review, August*
(LIBERAL MONTHLY)

MOTTO: *Nichts ist aussen, nichts ist innen,*
Denn was aussen ist, ist innen.

IT appears to me that what I call the Downfall of Europe is foretold and explained with extreme clearness in Dostoevskii's works, and in the most concentrated form in his *The Brothers Karamazoff*.

It seems to me that European, and especially German, youth are destined to find their greatest writer in Dostoevskii — not in Goethe, not even in Nietzsche. In the most modern poetry there is everywhere an approach to Dostoevskii, even though it is sometimes callow and imitative. The ideal of the Karamazoff, primæval, Asiatic, and occult, is already beginning to consume the European soul. That is what I mean by the Downfall of Europe. This downfall is a return home to the mother, a turning-back to Asia, to the source, to the *Fäustischen Muttern*, and will necessarily lead, like every death on earth, to a new birth.

We contemporaries see a 'downfall' in these events in the same way as the aged, who, compelled to leave the home they love, mourn a loss to them irreparable, while the young think only of the future, care only for what is new.

What is that Asiatic Ideal that I find in Dostoevskii, the effect of which will be, as I see it, to overwhelm Europe?

Briefly, it is the rejection of every strongly held Ethic and Moral in favor of a comprehensive laissez-faire. This is the new and dangerous faith that Elder Zossima announced, the faith lived by Alyosha and Dmitri, a faith which was brought into clearer expression by Ivan Karamazoff. In the case of Elder Zossima, the ideal Right still reigns supreme. Good and Evil always exist for him; but he bestows his love on evildoers from choice. Alyosha already makes something far more vital of this new creed, taking his way through filth and slime with an almost amoral impartiality. He reminds us of Zarathustra's vow: —

> In that day I vowed that I would renounce every aversion.

But Alyosha's brothers carry this further; they take this road with greater decision — they seem often to do so defiantly. In the voluminous book, it sometimes appears as though the relationship of the Brothers Karamazoff unfolded itself too slowly, so that what at one time seems stable, at another becomes solvent. The saintly Alyosha becomes ever more worldly, the worldly brothers more saintly, and, similarly, the most unprincipled and unbridled of them becomes the saintliest, the most sensitive, the most spiritual prophet of a new holiness, of a new morality, of a new mankind. That is very curious.

The more the tale unfolds itself, the wickeder and the more drunken, the more licentious and brutal, the Karamazoffs, the more brightly the new Ideal glows through the corpus of these raw appearances, people, and acts and

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the more spiritual, the saintlier, they inwardly become. Compared with the drunken, murdering, violent Dmitri and the cynical, intellectual Ivan, the decent, highly respectable magistrate and the other representative of the bourgeois, triumph though they may outwardly, are shabby, hollow, worthless.

It seems, then, that the 'New Ideal' by which the roots of the European spirit is being sapped is an entirely amoral concept, a faculty to feel the godlike, the significant, the fatalistic, in the wickedest and in the ugliest — and even to accord them veneration and worship. No less than that. The ironical exaggeration with which the magistrate in his speech seeks to hold these Karamazoffs up to the scorn of the citizens is not in reality an exaggeration. It is indeed a tame indictment. For in this speech the 'Russian man' is exhibited from the conservative-bourgeois point of view. He had been till then a cockshy. Dangerous, emotional, irresponsible, yet conscience-haunted; soft, dreamy, cruel, yet fundamentally childish. As such one still likes to regard the 'Russian man' today, although I believe he has for a long time been on the road to becoming the European man. And this is the Downfall of Europe.

Let us look at this 'Russian man' a moment. He is far older than Dostoevskii, but Dostoevskii has finally shown him to the world in all his fearful significance. The 'Russian man' is Karamazoff, he is Fyodor Pavlovitch, he is Dmitri, he is Ivan, he is Alyosha. These four, different as they may appear, belong inseparably together. Together they are Karamazoff, together they are the 'Russian man,' together they are the approaching, the proximate man of the European crisis.

Next notice something very remarkable. Ivan, in the course of the story, turns from a civilized man into a Karamazoff, from a European into a Russian, out of a definitely formed historical type into the unformed raw material of Destiny.

There is a fairylike dream-reality about the way in which Ivan slides out of his original psychology: out of his understanding, coolness, knowledge. There is mystical truth in this sliding of the apparently solid brother into the hysterical, into the Russian, into the Karamazoff-like. It is just he, the doubter, who at the end holds speech with the Devil! We shall come to that later on.

So the 'Russian man' is neither drawn as the hysterical, the drunkard, the felon, the poet, the saint, but as one with them all, as possessing all these characteristics simultaneously. The 'Russian man,' Karamazoff, is assassin and judge, ruffian and tenderest soul, the completest egotist and the most self-sacrificing hero. We shall not get a grasp of him from a European, from a hard and fast moral, ethical, dogmatic, standpoint. In this man the outward and the inward, Good and Evil, God and Satan are united.

The urgent appeal ever rings out from these Karamazoffs for the symbol after which their spirit is striving — a God who is also a Devil. Dostoevskii's 'Russian man' is penetrated by that symbol. The God-Devil, the primæval Demiurgus, he who was there from the beginning, who alone stands the other side of the forbidden, who knows neither day nor night, neither good nor evil. He is the Nothingness and the All. He is unknowable to us, for we have only the power to recognize prohibition, we are individual beings, bound to day and to night, to warm and cold; we need a God and a Devil. On the other side of that which is forbidden, in Nothingness and in the All, only

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Demiurgus, the God of the altogether, who knows neither Good nor Evil, can live.

There would be much to say about this, but what I have written must suffice. We have seen the nature of the 'Russian man.' He reaches forth beyond prohibitions, beyond natural instincts, beyond morality. He is the man who has grasped the idea of freeing himself, and on the other side, beyond the veil, beyond *principium individuationis*, of turning back again. This ideal man of the Karamazoffs loves nothing and everything, fears nothing and everything, does nothing and everything. He is primæval matter, he is monstrous and soul-stuff. He cannot live in this form; he can only go under; he can only pass on.

Dostoevskii has conjured forth this creature of downfall, this fearful apparition. It has often been said that it is a good thing that his Karamazoffs were not developed to their last stage. Otherwise, not only Russia but mankind would have been exploded into the air.

But what has been said, though the speaker has not drawn from his words their ultimate implications, can never be unsaid. That which exists, that which has been thought, that which is possible, can never again be extinguished. The 'Russian man' has long existed, he exists far outside Russia, he rules half of Europe; and part of the dreaded explosion has, indeed, in these last years been audibly evident. It shows itself in that Europe is tired; it shows itself in that Europe wants to turn homeward; in that Europe wants rest; in that Europe wants to be recreated, reborn.

There occur to me two pronouncements of a European who indisputably represents for us an age that is past — a Europe which, if it has not already gone under, is in the balance. I allude to the Kaiser Wilhelm. The one pronouncement is that which he once wrote under a somewhat extraordinary allegorical picture. In this he warned the European nations to guard their 'holiest possessions' against the approaching peril from the East.

Kaiser Wilhelm was certainly not a wise or profound person. Yet he possessed, as the repository and guardian of old-world ideals, a certain hereditary insight which warned him against the dangers that threatened those ideals. He was not intellectual, he did not like reading good books, and he busied himself too much with politics. Thus, that picture with its warning to the nations was not, as one might think, the result of reading Dostoevskii, but of a vague fear of those Eastern hordes, which through Japanese ambitions might be enrolled against Europe.

The Kaiser knew but partially the import of his words and how uncommonly right he was. He certainly did not know the Karamazoffs; he had a horror of profound thought, but he had an uncannily right foreboding. The danger was coming nearer every day. That danger was the Karamazoffs — the contagion from the East. What he unconsciously, but rightly, feared was the staggering-back of the tired European spirit to the Asiatic mother.

The second imperial pronouncement which occurred to me, and which at that time made an awful impression on me, is this: 'That nation will win the war which has the best nerves.' When at that time, quite at the beginning of the war, I heard of that pronouncement, it came upon me like the muffled forewarning of an earthquake.

It was, of course, clear that the Kaiser did not mean it so; what he really had in his mind was something very flattering to Germany. Very likely he himself had excellent nerves, and his

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hunting and troop-display comrades also. He knew, too, the old weary story of effete and degenerate France and of virtuous, prolific Germany, and believed it. But for those with knowledge, still more for those with the intuition to sense to-morrow and the day after, that pronouncement was terrible. For they knew that the Germans had in no way better nerves than the French, English, and Americans, at best better than the Russians. For to have bad nerves is the colloquial term for hysteria and neurasthenia, for moral insanity, and for all those evils which one may regard in different ways but which collectively signify the Karamazoff. With the exception of Austria, Germany stood infinitely more willingly and weakly open to the Karamazoffs, to Dostoevskii, to Asia, than any other European people.

Thus the Kaiser, too, has twice uttered a forewarning, has indeed foretold the Downfall of Europe.

But quite another question is how we are to regard this Downfall. Here we are at the parting of the ways, as we are of the spirit. Those who cling definitely to the past, those who venerate time-honored cultural forms, the knights of a treasured morality, must seek to delay this downfall and will mourn it inconsolably when it passes. For them the Downfall is the end; for the others, it is the beginning. For the first, Dostoevskii is a criminal; for the others, a saint. For the one party, Europe and its soul constitute an entity once and for all, foreordained, inviolate, a thing fixed and immutable. For the other, it is a becoming, a mutable, ever-changing thing.

The Asiatic, the chaotic, the savage, the dangerous, the amoral, in fact the Karamazoff, elements can, like everything else in the world, just as well be regarded from a positive as from a negative point of view. Those who, from a fear to which they give no name, curse this Dostoevskii, these Karamazoffs, these Russians, this Asia, this Demiurge-fantasy, and all their implications, have a hard time before them. For Karamazoff dominates more and more. But they fall into error by only seeing the obvious, the visible, the material. They see the Downfall of Europe coming as a horrible catastrophe with thunder and beating of drums —either as revolution accompanied by slaughter and violence, or as the triumph of crime, lust, cruelty, corruption, and murder.

All that is possible — all of it is contained in Karamazoff. One never knows what a Karamazoff is going to do next. Perhaps he will surprise us with a death-blow, perhaps with a moving thanksgiving to God. He consists of Alyoshas and of Dmitris, of Fyodors and of Ivans. As we have seen, they are not to be identified with any single character, but with a readiness to adopt any and every character.

But there is no solace for the apprehensive, in that these incalculable people may just as well bring about a good as an evil future, that they are just as likely to found a new Kingdom of God as one of Satan. What stands or falls on earth concerns the Karamazoffs little. Their secret lies elsewhere, and the value and fruitfulness of their amoral nature, also.

These new people differ fundamentally from the earlier ones — the orderly, law-abiding, decent folk — in one vital respect, namely, that they live inwardly just as much as outwardly, that they are constantly concerned with their own souls. The Karamazoffs are prepared to commit any crime, but they only commit them exceptionally because, as a rule, it suffices for them to have thought of crime or to have dreamed of it, to have made their soul

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a confidant of its possibility. Here lies their secret. Let us seek a formula for it.

Every formation of humanity, every culture, every civilization, every order is based upon an endowment of something over and above that which is allowed and that which is forbidden. Man, halfway between animal and a higher consciousness, has always a great deal within him to repress, to hide, to deny, in order to be a decent human being and to be socially possible. Man is full of animal, full of primæval being, full of the tremendous, scarcely tamed instincts of a beastly, cruel selfishness. All these dangerous instincts are there, always. But culture, superconsciousness, civilization, have covered them over. Man does not show them; he has learned from childhood to hide these instincts and to deny them. But every one of these instincts must come sooner or later to the surface. Each instinct goes on living; not one is killed, not one is permanently and forever changed and ennobled. And each of these instincts is in itself good, is not worse than another.

But for every period and culture there is a particular instinct which it regards with special aversion or horror. Now when these instincts are again aroused, in the form of unextinguished and merely superficially, though carefully, restrained nature forces, when these beasts again begin roaring like slaves whose spirit, long crushed by flogging and repression, is rekindled by insurgence, then the Karamazoffs are upon us. When a culture, one of these attempts to domesticate man, gets tired and begins to decay, then men become, in greater measure, remarkable. They become hysterical, develop strange lusts, become like young people in puberty or like women in childbirth. Longings for which man has no name arise in the soul; longings which the old culture and morality must hold for wrong. But they announce themselves with so innocent a voice, that Good and Evil become interchangeable and every law reels.

Such people are the Brothers Karamazoff. Every law easily appears to them as a convention, every morality as philistine; they lightly adopt every license, every caprice. With ever so great a gladness they listen to the many voices in their own hearts.

But these souls need not inevitably reap crime and turbulence from chaos. As a new direction is given to the interrupted primæval current, so the seed is sown of a new order, of a new morality.

With every culture it is the same. We cannot destroy the primæval current, the animal in us; for with its death we should die ourselves. But we can, to a certain extent, guide it; to a certain extent we can calm it down; to a certain extent make the 'Good' serviceable, as one harnesses a vicious horse to a good cart. Only from time to time the lustre of this 'Good' becomes old and weak, the instincts no longer really believe in it, refuse any longer to be yoked to it. Then the culture breaks in pieces, slowly as a rule, so that what we call ancient takes centuries to die.

And before the old, dying culture and morality can be dissolved into a new one, in that fearful, dangerous, painful stage, mankind must look again into its own soul, must see the beast arise in itself again, must again recognize the overlordship of the primæval forces in itself, forces which are supermoral. Those who are foreordained, prepared and ripe for this event, are Karamazoffs. They are hysterical and dangerous; they are as ready to be malefactors as ascetics; they believe in nothing except the utter dubiousness of every belief.

Every symbol has a hundred inter-

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pretations, of which every one may be right. The Karamazoffs, too, have a hundred interpretations. Mine is only one of them, one of a hundred. This book of Dostoevskii's has hung a symbol round the neck of mankind, has erected a monument for it just as an individual might in a dream create for himself an image of his warring instincts and forces.

It is phenomenal that one human being could have written *The Brothers Karamazoff*. Now that the phenomenon has occurred, there is no necessity to explain it. But there is a profound necessity to emphasize this phenomenon, to read the writing as completely as possible, as comprehendingly as possible, to learn as much as possible of its wonderful magic. My work is to contribute a thought, a reflection, a commentary to that end — nothing more.

No one must suppose that I set forth these thoughts and suggestions as Dostoevskii's own. On the contrary, no great seer or poet, even if he had the power, has ever explained his story in its final significance.

In conclusion I would point out that this mystical romance, this dream of man, does not merely indicate the threshold across which Europe is stepping, the dangerous moment of hovering between the Void and the All. It also discloses the rich possibilities of the New Life.

In this connection, the figure of Ivan is astonishing. We learn to know him as a modern, accommodating, cultivated individual, somewhat cool, somewhat disappointed, somewhat skeptical, somewhat tired. But he gets younger, more ardent, more significant, more Karamazoff-like. It is he who wrote the poem of the 'Great Inquisitor.' It is he who, after coolly ignoring the murderer whom he believes his brother to be, is driven in the end to the deep sense of his own culpability and even to his self-denouncement. And it is he, too, who experiences the most clearly and the most significantly the spiritual explanation of the unconscious. (On that, indeed, everything turns. That is the whole meaning of the Downfall; the whole new birth arises from it.)

Dostoevskii's book is not one that you can cut bits out of. I could go on, for days, seeking and finding new features all pointing in the same direction. One, a specially delightful and beautiful one, is the hysteria of the two Hohlakovs. Here we have again the Karamazoff element intermingled with all that is strange and sick and bad in two characters. One of them, the mother Hohlakov, is simply unhealthy. Her behavior is the result of habit which age has confirmed; the hysteria is merely illness, debility, and stupidity. But in the case of the magnificent daughter, it is not weariness which shows itself as a form of hysteria, but a passionate exuberance. She is haunted by the future. Immaturity and ripe love oppose each other in the scale. She develops the idea and vision of evil much further than her insignificant mother, and yet the astonishing thing about the daughter is that the innocence and power behind her most wicked and shameless acts point her toward a future full of promise. The mother Hohlakov is a hysterical, fit for a sanatorium and nothing else. The daughter is a neurasthenic, whose illness is the symptom of a noble energy to which expression is refused.

And do these developments in the souls of imagined characters of fiction really signify the Downfall of Europe?

Certainly. They signify it as surely as the mind's eye perceives life and eternity in the grass-blade of spring, and death and its inevitability in every falling leaf of autumn. It is possible that the whole Downfall of Europe will play itself out 'only' inwardly, 'only'

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in the souls of a generation, 'only' in changing the meaning of worn-out symbols, in the disvaluation of spiritual values. Thus, the ancient world, that first brilliant coining of European culture, did not go down under Nero. Its destruction was not due to Spartacus, nor to the Germanic tribes; but 'only' to a thought out of Asia, that simple, subtle thought, which had been there very long, but which took the form the teacher Christ gave to it.

Naturally one can, if one likes, regard *The Brothers Karamazoff* from a literary point of view, as a work of art. When the unconscious of a whole continent and age has made of itself poetry in the nightmare of a single, prophetic dreamer; when it has issued in his awful, blood-curdling scream, one can of course consider this scream from the standpoint of a singing teacher. No doubt Dostoevskii was a very gifted poet, in spite of the enormities one finds in his books. From such enormities a poet pure and simple, such for instance as Turgenev, is free. Isaiah, too, was an extremely gifted poet. But is that important? In Dostoevskii, epecially in *The Brothers Karamazoff*, one finds certain exaggerated and tasteless things. Such things, which would not do for artists, come about where a man already stands beyond Art. No matter.

Even as an artist, this Russian prophet now and then proves himself, makes himself famous, makes himself a world-wide celebrity. And one reflects, with a strange feeling, that for the Europe of the time when Dostoevskii had already written all his books, others than he were valued with the greatest European poets — Flaubert, for instance. In comparison with *The Brothers Karamazoff*, Flaubert's work becomes quite a small artistic affair. Soon European youth will hate and sneer at him with their elementary injustice, if only as a punishment for the exaggerated patronage of their fathers. No, this is no time for artists; that time has bloomed itself away.

But here I come upon a byroad. Later on it will be time for me to consider why, at this juncture, Flaubert came disturbingly across my path and tempted me away from any concept. That, too, will have its own special significance. Now I must stick to my chief concern. I was going to say: perhaps the less such a world-book is a work of art, the truer is its prophecy. And, besides, it seems to me that there is so much that is remarkable and yet not willful, not the work of a single intelligence, in the romance, in the fable, and in the invention, of the Karamazoffs. It seems not to be a poet's work.

For instance, to say everything at once, the most significant fact in the whole work is that the Karamazoffs are innocents. All these four Karamazoffs, father and sons, are dangerous, incalculable human beings. They have peculiar paroxysms, peculiar consciousnesses, and peculiar unconsciousnesses. One is a drunkard; the other a woman-hunter; another is a fantastic hermit; the last is a poet of secret blasphemous verses. These peculiar brothers threaten much danger to others. They seize people by the beard; they do people out of money; they menace people with death — and yet they are innocent; and, in spite of all, none of them has done anything really criminal. The only murderers in this long novel, which is chiefly concerned with murder, robbery, and crime, the only guilty murderers are the magistrate and the jury, the representatives of an ancient, honored order, honest and blameless citizens. They condemn the innocent Dmitri, they scoff at his innocence; they are judges who estimate, criticize God and the world, according to their code. And it is just they who err; just they who do fearful injustice;

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just they who become murderers, from prejudice, from fear, from shallow-mindedness.

This is not a discovery; it is not a matter of literature. It is not the work of the smugly efficient literary detective, or of the witty and satirical man of letters playing the social critic. We know all about that sort of thing, and we are distrustful, and we have ceased to believe in it for a long time. No; for Dostoevskii the innocence of the criminal and the culpability of the judge is not in the least a cunning pretense. It is a fearful thing, which stands forth and grows so surely, is rooted so deeply, that finally, almost in the last stage of the book, one stands aghast before the fact. One stands and gazes at the whole pain and insanity of the world, at the suffering and lack of understanding of men, as though one were facing a wall.

I said Dostoevskii is not a poet, or he is only a poet in a secondary sense. I called him a prophet. It is difficult to say exactly what a prophet means. It seems to me something like this. A prophet is a sick man, like Dostoevskii, who was an epileptic. A prophet is the sort of sick man who has lost the sound sense of taking care of himself, the sense which is the saving of the efficient citizen. It would not do if there were many such, for the world would go to pieces. This sort of sick man, be he called Dostoevskii or Karamazoff, has that strange, occult, godlike faculty, the possibility of which the Asiatic venerates in every maniac. He is a seer and an oracle. A people, a period, a country, a continent has fashioned out of its corpus an organ, a sensory instrument of infinite sensitiveness, a very rare and delicate organ. Other men, thanks to their happiness and health, can never be troubled with this endowment. This sensory instrument, this mantological faculty, is not crudely comprehensible like some sort of telepathy or magic, although the gift can also show itself even in such confusing forms. Rather is it that the sick man of this sort interprets the movements of his own soul in terms of the universal and of mankind.

Every man has visions; every man has fantasies; every man has dreams. And every vision, every dream, every idea and thought of a man, on the road from the unconscious to the conscious, can have a thousand different meanings, of which every one can be right. But the appearances and visions of the seer and the prophet are not his own. The nightmare of visions which oppresses him does not warn him of a personal illness, of a personal death, but of the illness, the death of that corpus whose sensory organ he is. This corpus can be a family, a clan, a people, or it can be all mankind. In the soul of Dostoevskii a certain sickness and sensitiveness to suffering in the bosom of mankind, which is otherwise called hysteria, found at once its means of expression and its barometer. Mankind is now on the point of realizing this. Already half Europe, at all events half Eastern Europe, is on the road to chaos. In a state of drunken illusion, she is reeling into the abyss, and as she reels she sings a drunken hymn such as Dmitri Karamazoff sang. The insulted citizen laughs that song to scorn; the saint and seer hears it with tears.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

VERY FULL OF LAUGHTER IS THE OLD MAN

BY LOUIS GOLDING

[*New Witness*]

Very full of laughter is the old man.
The air is full of wings
Of the little birds of laughter
Which the old man flings
From his mouth up to the rafter
In the whitewashed ceiling
That vibrates with his laughter
And quivers and sings;
Till the little birds come stealing
To the lips whence they came,
And you only hear the laughter
In the shaking of the flame,
In the tapping of the leaves,
And you only hear the laughter
Where the round cat heaves,
And you only hear the laughter
Very faintly if at all;
Until, as you drowse, suddenly once more
He awakes with a roar,
And the laughter goes flapping from the ceiling to the wall.
Very full of laughter is the old man.

Very full of laughter is the old man.
I know not what I say,
I mistrust what I hear.
There 's an evil tongue licking where the log-fires play,
The round cat heaves with a laughter and a fear.
There are wells lying deeper
Than the laughter in his eyes,
There are glooms lying deeper
Than the lost lands of the sleeper;
There are sounds behind the laughter
Which I dare not follow after,
There 's a choked heart tolling and a dumb child cries.
There 's an old mouth full of laughter
But a dumb heart cries.
Very full of tears is the old man.

THE MURDERED FACE

BY JOHN FREEMAN

[*Spectator*]

Willow droops now her breast upon the breast
Of waveless water,
Leaning her cheek against that hueless cheek;
And her leaves speak
Tender as silence when the least wind trembles
And sinks at rest.

Floats on the stream the rippled argent round
Of the full moon,
Following with slower mood the faltering tide.
Willow's branches slide
Deeper to draw the moon close to her breast,
In silver slumber.

But as a murdered face in agitation
Of windy flaw
The argent moon wrinkles in angry pain:
Eyes stare in dream of pain.
Wind on the willow's bosom falls and moans,
Hides in a floating cloud the moon's torn face.

ALAN DEAD

BY ERIC MASCHWITZ

[*London Mercury*]

They never take the apples now
That cluster on the leaning bough
But leave them hanging there instead
Now Alan 's dead.

The mill pool keeps the rushes green
Nigh where the alder branches lean
Toward the golden lily-head —
And Alan 's dead.

In springtime almond trees in flower
With falling petals mark the hour
That in the farm falls dull as lead
Now Alan 's dead.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

'THIS FREEDOM'

THE amazing popularity of *If Winter Comes* was the literary miracle of the past year, and in the light of the success of its predecessor, Mr. Hutchinson's latest book, *This Freedom*, is attracting wide attention in the English press. Within a week of its publication, it was reviewed in virtually all of the London periodicals. Opinion is divided, though a note of suprised disapproval prevails. The story tells of how the girl, Rosalie, brought up in a Victorian environment where everything is sacrificed to men, manages to break away, succeed in business, get married, raise children, and then come to complete disaster by trying to combine her work with her duties as a wife and mother. The *Outlook* and the *Telegraph* say it is superior to *If Winter Comes;* the *Times* finds it narrower and of less general interest. All the reviewers agree that the end is not so good as the beginning, that it is a moral tract, and that it is sloppy work. The author is compared, sometimes respectfully, with Dickens. In spite of its assured popularity, the general verdict of professional critics is adverse. After describing the story, the *Manchester Guardian* says: —

And then Mr. Hutchinson tumbles down his house of cards. After all — for he had deceived at least one reader — he is on the side of the home, the established conventions, the Bible — Old Testament and New. And does n't he just rub in the moral — that if the mother goes out to work (as a few mothers do in Lancashire) the children will suffer?

The *Times* finds it —

all so strained that we are tempted to laugh, not weep, at some of the incidents, and are tempted also to wonder whether the author believed it, so hotly does he lash himself with his own tail, so tearfully, so 'hysterically' does he implore us to see how dreadful it all was.

The *Outlook* suspects Mr. Hutchinson's sincerity, accusing him of being 'a tear-leader signaling to the massed hundred-thousands' and 'a showman making his characters perform, instead of letting them act of their own initiative.' The *Times Literary Supplement* grants the book humor, if only its author were not so noisy: —

But Mr. Hutchinson cannot keep quiet. He must go on, with some little inconsequence and an almost ludicrous disproportion between cause and effect, to show that such a home is the only right sort of home; and that a married mother who attempts to maintain her career outside the home — no matter how happy a home she may make of it, or how careful she is in choosing her servants and governesses — is inevitably driving her husband to misery and her children to perdition.

Not the sturdiest supporter of the old ideas and methods, we believe, could mistake Mr. Hutchinson's story for good sense. It is a piece of violent ad captandum pleading; and no barrister with a hopeless case ever sobbed and moaned and 'carried on' to impress the jury so theatrically as Mr. Hutchinson is bound to do toward the end of this book. The English language goes to pieces under the strain. Mr. Hutchinson's often rather annoying affectations turn into cruel distortions of our tongue. Not to mention grammar, all good literature's rules for forcible writing — reticence, concentration, selection — have to be violated.

The *Morning Post* also assumes a superior attitude as regards the climax: —

Her House of Children is indeed a House of Cards, which could be blown down by a whisper, but at Mr. Hutchinson's hands is demolished with a hatchet. The corpses of its unlucky inmates strew the stage at the close after the manner of certain Eliza-

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bethan 'blood' dramas — a climax ascribed to Rosalie (like the pelican, a devourer of her own young) that somehow no more harrows us than if the late Mr. Walter Bagehot were made responsible for it.

In Mr. Arthur Waugh, of the *Telegraph*, the book finds its chief defender. He sees all the faults, but thinks that they are redeemed many times over by the vigor and the truth of the moral lesson that Mr. Hutchinson teaches. Mr. Waugh ends his long review with the almost sacerdotal remark, 'The new wisdom has to come back and learn of the old.' The lofty scoffing of the 'Intellectuals' shows that *This Freedom* has something in it, but it sadly lacks qualities that appeal to people of æsthetic sensitiveness or critical intelligence.

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MODERN GERMAN DRAMA

THE vogue of foreign dramatists in Germany, especially of Shakespeare, Shaw, and Wilde, has previously been referred to in these columns. But this is not at the expense of native authors. The day when Hauptmann and Sudermann almost monopolized the stage is past, although the former writer's *Weavers* has enjoyed a tremendous success in Berlin. The drama of today begins with Wedekind, who led the reaction against Hauptmann's realism. Satirical, humorous, and frequently coarse, Wedekind has influenced the whole German Expressionist group, of which Georg Kaiser is a leading and representative figure. Wedekind's characters are helpless creatures, driven by instinct. Kaiser's are thin embodiments of principles that govern mankind.

The spirit of modern German drama is a peculiar one. The disillusion that followed the war and the Treaty has manifested itself in a philosophy of complete indifference: the individual has no will or destiny of his own, but is the plaything of larger forces; no one is innocent or guilty, good or bad; no moral standard or scale of values is brought into play. This negative attitude is not so much a literary pose as it is the result of important events. It is hard to believe that Kaiser's plays — which are typical of this school — can contain any dramatic material. But, lacking character and contrast, they succeed by virtue of brisk movement and an electric atmosphere of tense excitement. Kaiser marks the final breaking-away from a brief period of hopefulness and faith in human brotherhood.

Two figures stand apart from the general current of modern German drama. Eulenberg's *Insel* (Island) is an imaginative piece, modeled on Shakespeare's *Tempest*, that is now exercising a powerful fascination, and that Hauptmann's recent *Der Weisse Heiland* (The White Saviour) also follows. Sorge, too, escapes from reality into the realm of pure beauty, accomplishing this feat with extraordinary success in his *Bettler* (Beggar), a work of serene and sustained art. Visions, dreams, and fancies are the materials of which this play is made.

The future of German drama is obscure; its best work lies in the recent past — the period of revolution. Evidently political reaction is unfriendly to art: witness Budapest, a centre of enthusiasm for the old régime and an artistic cipher, and Moscow, still oppressed by the Red Terror, with a vigorous artistic life in full swing. Similarly in Germany, Munich, the former seat of liberalism, has fallen upon evil days: while Berlin, Frankfort, Darmstadt, and Cologne have leaped ahead of it. Germany has passed through the revolutionary phase of questionings and doubts — she is now definitely on the way to some unknown future destination.

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A FRENCH CRITICISM OF HERGESHEIMER

It is a well-known fact that England regards Joseph Hergesheimer as America's foremost living novelist, but only recently has France taken him up. In *L'Europe Nouvelle*, M. Charles Le Verrier devotes to Mr. Hergesheimer's latest book a long article entitled, 'The Descent of Aphrodite into the United States.' He compares him to Paul Bourget, but adds that the American is less given to moralizing. He praises *The Three Black Pennies* and *Java Head* and follows this up with a short résumé of *Cytherea*. The idea of introducing the 'implacable Aphrodite' to the great and embarrassed American public delights the French critic's ironic sense. But his conclusions in the last paragraph are the most interesting and amusing part of the article: —

> This work has exasperated more than one reader and it is causing a scandal. It is not customary in the United States to treat with such liberty the serious question of unconventional relations between men and women. The conjugal tie commands more respect. However, nothing seems more American to us than *Cytherea*, because nothing conforms more fully with the Puritan spirit. Nathaniel Hawthorne, in his classic book, *The Scarlet Letter*, resorts to God and the law to punish adultery. The author of *Cytherea* searches in the inmost parts of our nature for the unavoidable punishment of the sins of love. At bottom, Mr. Hergesheimer, who considers himself emancipated from ordinary prejudices, is a more rigid disciple of the most traditional ideas than the venerable Hawthorne.

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PAINTING AND MUSIC

The experiment of combining music and painting met with great success at a concert recently given in the National Gallery in London by a string quartet from the Royal College of Music. Some three thousand people — an overflow crowd — thronged to hear the performance. The additional musical bait was probably the determining factor in drawing many Londoners to their own art collection for the first time. American tourists with 'horn-rimmed spectacles and strange boots,' as the press reported them, were present in great numbers.

The idea that was put into practice was an excellent one. The *Daily Telegraph* pointed out at some length how climatic conditions in England make the Continental out-of-door concert an impossibility. But the British solution is an improvement on the original, for a smaller body of musicians is quite sufficient and the setting is more sympathetic to the work of the great composer than any *Tiergarten* or *Jardin des Plantes*, where panthers, baboons, and sea lions form a background equally displeasing to the artistic eye and the musical ear. To be sure, the selections played in a Velásquez, Raphael, or Van Dyke setting must be intelligently chosen. Solos are almost as out of place as a brass band: chamber music by string quartets would harmonize beautifully, allowing the mind and eye to wander occasionally toward the canvases that decorate the walls. There is also a large amount of old English music suitable for small choirs, and this could be used as a variant. It is both probable and desirable that this new experiment will initiate a popular custom.

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LORD LEVERHULME AND AMERICA

In an article in the *Westminster Gazette* that would warm the cockles of a prohibitionist's or an efficiency expert's heart, Lord Leverhulme indicates the superiority of Americans over Englishmen in practising the habits of sobriety, diligence, and early rising. To be sure, he hastens to add, the British have many points of superiority

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that he deems it more politic not to divulge. The important thing is that breakfast is served in New York hotels at six o'clock and that barber shops open at the same hour. This impresses the Britisher, for London's culinary and tonsorial artists do not embark upon their day of toil until eight. Americans undoubtedly have the habit of work, and if material prosperity is the greatest thing in life, surely we are the greatest nation in the world. Lord Leverhulme is also impressed with the way young Americans with large inheritances buckle down to work, whereas a young Englishman with even $5000 a year income is certain to spend his life in leisure. He also points, as his countrymen frequently do, to our enormous gold reserve, but graciously adds that America's good habits are her real reserve of gold. The Noble Lord finds that Japan, too, is more progressive than his own country, and he expresses the opinion that England should imitate the industrious habits of the oriental nation before undertaking missionary reform there.

JAPANESE POEMS

THE *Kokinshu*, an anthology of early Japanese poetry, has recently been translated into English verse by Mr. T. Wakameda. These poems and epigrams of thirty-one syllables were originally compiled in 905 A.D. and are over eleven hundred in number. They are said to be feminine in character as contrasted with the *Manyoshu*, published some hundred and fifty years earlier. This is the first English translation of these poems, a few having been translated into French by Judith Gautier in 1885.

The narrow range of the subject matter, which the conventions of Japanese art require, unfortunately outweighs, in English, the delicate varieties of tone and rhythm. Mr. Wakameda, says the *Times* reviewer, also misses the point of some of the verses. The rendering of this poem, for example, lacks much of the beauty of a literal translation: —

> O cuckoo, I feel cold to thee,
> For there is many a place where thou
> Cuckoo'st; yet thou dost not know how
> Dearly I have yearned after thee.

It is a love song addressed to a girl who has many lovers: —

> When I remember, O cuckoo, how many are the villages where you sing, I am estranged from you even in the moment of love.

The chief value of a translation lies in the desire it engenders in the reader to turn to the original. This is especially true of verse, where so much depends on mere words. These translations, if they do stimulate interest, are not sufficiently accurate to serve as a 'crib' for serious students of the language. Perhaps, however, the translator's very helplessness adds a fragrance of its own to the moonlit atmosphere of plum-blossom and exotic perfume.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Second Empire, by Philip Guedalla. London: Constable, 1922. 16*s*.

[*Observer*]

THE early nineteenth century having been incurably romantic, the early twentieth, by the law of contraries, is showing itself incurably cynical; and since cruel fun can be poked at romance when it becomes bald-headed, it finds choice material in the figures of the Mid-Victorian period. Napoleon III is fair game. To him, as to Disraeli and to Garibaldi, romance meant adventure, but to him adventure brought catastrophe at the last. The later nineteenth century was gripped by the harsh material forces of its own creation, and their strength was first revealed against Napoleon and his bubble Empire. To the materialist it is all good cause for mocking laughter, and since Mr. Guedalla is resolved to mock, he has forced himself to be a materialist. But he has conceded too much to the literary fad of the day. In spite of its title, the book is narrowly biographical in scope. This is no true account of the Second Empire, but only a series of pictures of a tall, clumsy, silent man with dull eyes and a great waxed moustache. The method demands such treatment; in every chapter we must be reminded of the poor forked radish beneath the grotesquely gorgeous costume; but it is too limitedly pictorial and has the shallowness, as well as the vivacity, of the film.

The book is as self-conscious in its style as in its treatment. It has mannerisms, and in particular a fondness for parentheses that just miss the biting irony which would justify their insertion. Here and there the perfectly turned phrase achieves its acid effect, but too often the result fails to justify such free indulgence in what is, after all, an undergraduate taste. Mr. Guedalla must beware of his own qualities, and most of all of the liveliness which salts his scholarship. He has rich gifts, which, if stimulated by inspiration, may be exhibited in first-class work; but in this book the inspiration is mostly absent, and they have exhausted themselves in mere cleverness.

[St. John Ervine in the *Manchester Guardian*]

MR. PHILIP GUEDALLA, in his book on the Second Empire, has done a desirable thing in a very desirable style. He has taken a figure of fun and made a human being of it, without losing any of the fun or faking any of the humanity. That is a task so uncommonly or so seldom performed that Mr. Guedalla's admirers are entitled to greet his book with loud cheers. Here unmistakably is presented to us a living creature in circumstances of high and even sensational drama. Drama, indeed, is the word which most naturally comes into the mind as the story is read. The Empire which lasted for eighteen years provides material for comedy, for farce, for melodrama, and for tragedy; and Mr. Guedalla, whose eye for the picturesque is uncannily clear, has written his book in such a way that a dramatist must instinctively regard the four sections, 'Bonapartism,' 'The Prince,' 'The President,' and 'The Emperor,' as the prologue and three acts of an historical play.

One can testify to the fact that Mr. Guedalla has given a vivid picture of a curious phase in the history of France and that he has presented his people, not as theatrical figures or as comic ones, but as human beings. To do this is an achievement. The historical sequence of events, from the major tragedy of St. Helena to the minor tragedy of Chislehurst, is followed easily and assuredly. We are not left in a state of bewilderment about the relationship of the third Napoleon to the first. The whole tangle of family connections is unraveled in a manner so effortless that we hardly realize there was any tangle to unravel; and we are made as familiar with the ramifications of the Bonapartes as we are with the no less astonishing ramifications of our own families.

Bavo I, by D. J. Leclercq. Brussels: Office de Publicité, 1922.

[*L'Indépendance Belge*]

IT will be a surprise to many people to learn that M. Leclercq, our distinguished and popular friend of the *Étoile Belge*, and the author of *Bavo I* are one and the same person. M. Leclercq is modesty itself. I should even say that he is more than modest. Everyone admires him as the model of the successful journalist. But it is unfortunate that he has been neglected up to now as a literary artist and a novelist of great talent. His first book, *Bavo I*, is a little masterpiece. On an old legendary theme, M. Leclercq has woven a fantasy in which the finest irony is combined with great skill in narrative. Do you want to find out the ultimate origins of our beloved compatriots? We believe them to be a mixture of Germans and Gauls. A perusal of *Bavo I* informs us that there is also some Phrygian blood in their veins. Bavo himself, the first sovereign to reign . . . supposedly, over our provinces, first saw the light of day at the foot of Holy Ilium. How he came to our country with his warriors and women, how he civilized the rude inhabitants of primitive Belgium, how he helped them to

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triumph over the savage Tixhons, you will discover in M. Leclercq's clear, swiftly moving, and delightful novel. And you cannot fail to admire the ample and harmonious style of this fascinating story, as full of subtle allusions as a tale of Voltaire's.

Four Short Plays, by Lascelles Abercrombie. London: Martin Secker, 1922. 6*s*.

[*Westminster Gazette*]

WHAT impresses one most in these plays of Mr. Abercrombie is not their drama, or their criticism of life, or even their poetry, — though that is conspicuous enough, — but their sure command of language. Mr. Abercrombie's characters are all simple folk of the countryside, and their speech is folk-speech. It is not dialect, but the true vernacular — drawn from the soil as directly as that of Mr. Hardy's peasant. All the words are good homespun English words; and all the turns of speech and metaphors are racy. Whatever the thought, the expression of it is always in character. And what effects Mr. Abercrombie achieves on this simple and, in appearance, unsophisticated instrument! The vigor and the vividness of this folk-speech are admirable, and how well they fit the close-knit, muscular march of Mr. Abercrombie's blank verse, which has all the æsthetic value of measure without the sense of monotony or artifice. It is not all men of letters who can make literature of the tongue of the unliterary.

It is to be hoped that Mr. Abercrombie will persist with the dramatic form. He has a great equipment for it. Besides his mastery of language and his poetic imagination, he has a high sense both of the tragedy and comedy of life. What he lacks is a sense of the theatre, such as Mr. Galsworthy, for example, has manifested. If he would be a dramatist, let him beware of the philosopher breaking in. On the stage, abstractions — to use an Americanism that fits the case rather aptly — 'cut no ice.'

The Western Question In Greece and Turkey, by Arnold J. Toynbee. London: Constable, 1922. 18*s*.

[*Times*]

PROFESSOR TOYNBEE has little patience with the misleading historians. He points out that while admirable examples, and the record of much useful experience, have been preserved in the chronicles of the past, no one in the Near East reads about it, reserving their energies for accounts of conquests, however ephemeral; of military glory, however politically disastrous; of triumphant polities, however economically and morally unsound. He has examined the whole matter from a distance and investigated it upon the spot, and considers, after weighing the evidence, that it is the action of the Greeks — intoxicated by the μεγάλη ἰδέα — in seizing Smyrna that knocked over the Humpty Dumpty of peace in the Near East. As in the nursery rhyme, the disaster appears to be irremediable, and it does not affect Greece and Turkey alone.

The author comments upon the belief prevalent along the Anatolian Front that the Allies are engaged upon opposite sides, like the gods at the Siege of Troy, egging on and protecting — or deserting — their favorites. The idea arises, apparently, from the fact that both parties in the present conflict use military material sold off by impoverished victors in the World War and still bearing the outward signs of its former ownership. But the impression is widely held that both Great Britain and France have found trouble and unrest among the Moslems, in their respective dominions, caused directly by the Anatolian muddle and the fact that the Allies invited the Greeks into Asia.

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DE REUL, PAUL. *L'Œuvre de Swinburne*. Brussels: Edition Robert Sand. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1922.

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